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# THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.

## PART I.

I HAD always hesitated and persistently declined giving to the public an account of this period of the war. That duty, it seemed to me, devolved upon one not so directly and intimately connected as I was with the events to be there recorded. But, with a few exceptions, the statements—most of them intentionally erroneous—published of late on the subject to be treated here, tend to such an extent to distort the truth of history, and so many strictures have been passed upon me in that connection, that, putting aside all personal feeling, I deem it incumbent on me to prepare a concise but complete and correct narrative of the whole Shiloh Campaign, from the time of my arrival in General Albert Sidney Johnston's department, in February, 1862, up to and including the battle of Shiloh—April 6 and 7—and the retreat of the Confederate forces from Corinth. In a work entitled "Military Operations of General Beauregard," which was but lately offered to the public, are contained all the details of what was accomplished at that time; as also the causes which brought about the results there depicted. It was "written from notes and documents authenticated by me," and "is offered as a guide to the future historian" of the war



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between the States.* But books are not read by the many, and seldom reach the circulation attained by leading periodicals of this and other countries. Hence my determination to revive the matter in these pages.

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Colonel Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, a member of the Military Committee of the lower house of the Confederate Congress, called on me at my head-quarters, in Centreville, on the 22d January, 1862; and, speaking in his own name, in that of his colleagues of the Committee, and also of the different representatives of the Mississippi Valley States, at that time in Richmond, told me, substantially, that Zollicoffer's defeat, which had just occurred at Spring Mill, in Eastern Kentucky, necessitated prompt and energetic measures on the part of the government, and that it was a very general desire, in which President Davis joined, that I should be sent at once to the Mississippi Valley, where much discouragement existed, and where, it was believed, my presence might restore confidence and lead to more active and safer operations in the near future. This overture, and the gratifying manner in which it was made, took me by surprise. My answer was at first uncertain. I could not deny my services to the cause, wherever I might be ordered; but the idea of cutting short my relations with an army I had so materially assisted in organizing and in leading to victory, made me hesitant and forbade a ready assent on my part. I asked for time to reflect. After reflection and on the assurance, otherwise made, that General Albert Sidney Johnston, in whose military department I was about to go, had under him, at different places, an aggregate of at least seventy thousand men of all arms, which would allow early concentration of his forces and consequent aggressive movements on our part, I finally yielded consent, and so informed Colonel Pryor.

The concluding passage of the order of the War Department directing the transfer referred to, bore date January 26th, and read as follows:

"He (the President) therefore desires that you proceed at once to report to General A. S. Johnston, at Bowling Green, Kentucky, and thence proceed, as promptly as possible, to assume your new command at Columbus, which is threatened by a powerful force, and the successful defense of which is of vital importance."

* By Colonel Alfred Roman, of Louisiana. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. 1884.

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I was only able to leave Manassas on the 2d of February. I had previously sent several suggestions to the War Department, through General (then Colonel) Jordan, my chief of staff, with a view to perfect the organization of the troops I was soon to command, for the efficiency of which, as I had been led to believe, much had yet to be done.

I had never met General A. S. Johnston prior to my arrival at Bowling Green. He welcomed me in his department with that simple, dignified and earnest manner so characteristic of him, and which, I well remember, made a profound impression upon me.

He informed me of the position and strength of the enemy, and did the same as to his own forces. General Buell's command was then at Bacon Creek, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, not farther than forty miles from Bowling Green, and consisted of fully seventy-five thousand men. General Grant was near Cairo, and had twenty thousand men with him, ready to move either against Fort Henry or Fort Donelson, as might best serve his purpose. General Pope commanded not less than thirty-thousand men, in the State of Missouri, and was, just then, seriously threatening General Polk's position. General Halleck, the commander-in-chief of the above enumerated Federal forces, was still at St. Louis, his department head-quarters, and had, at the time referred to, subject to his general orders, an aggregate of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men of all arms.

General Johnston, on the other hand, had but forty-five thousand effectives of all arms, in his large department. They were distributed as follows:—fourteen thousand, with General Johnston, at Bowling Green; some five thousand five hundred at Forts Henry and Donelson; about eight thousand at or near Clarksville; and fifteen thousand, under General Polk, in West Tennessee and West Kentucky. These were barely organized and very poorly armed. Such, in fact, was the case with most of Generals Clark's and Pillow's forces at Clarksville and Hopkinsville, to say nothing of the others. There were men, by tens of thousands, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and in the adjoining States, ready at any day to enlist under the Southern banner, and who were actually burning with the desire to do so; but the government had no arms to give them. None had been procured, as yet, from Europe, and none could be manufactured at home—that is to say, in any number approaching sufficiency for the requirements of the hour.

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General Johnston also told me that the works on the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, upon which so much depended for the safety of these streams, were defective in more than one respect, and could not be relied on; that General (then Major) Gilmer, his chief engineer, had been sent to them with a view of improving their effectiveness, if possible, before it was too late.

I was deeply disturbed when thus made acquainted with the real condition of affairs in General Johnston's department. His surprise was equal to my disappointment when I assured him of the War Department's estimate of his strength. My first impulse was to return at once to Virginia, so powerless did I feel in the presence of the frightful odds existing against us. But General Johnston urged me to remain, and in a manner so earnest, that I acceded to his request and concluded not to leave him in the hard strait in which he was placed. My opinion has ever been that the War Department had not dealt justly toward General Johnston, and had sacrificed him to its own improvidence and neglectful state of unpreparedness.

On the 5th of February, I inspected, with General Johnston, all the works erected at and around Bowling Green. They were unquestionably strong; but besides having consumed too much time and labor, which could have been more wisely expended at other points—notably at Forts Henry and Donelson—it was evident to me that they could be turned, on the right, a few miles above, should a vigorous and well-directed attack be made upon them in that quarter. It appeared to me that it would have been sufficient, and far better, to limit the Bowling Green works to a *tête de pont*, north of the Barren River, and to one fort only, south of the same stream. I so stated to General Johnston, who made no direct reply, but said that, in case of an advance of the enemy, on his flanks, he would withdraw his forces from Bowling Green, as he had no army of relief to call to his assistance.

I gave General Johnston my views as to the best plan for holding Fort Henry, then seriously menaced by General Grant, and which was absolutely necessary to insure the command of the Tennessee River. I told him that, owing to the defective location of Forts Henry and Donelson, at about the middle—and at a re-entering angle—of our defensive line, weakened by the intersection of the two rivers on which the forts were built; owing also to the saliency of our flanks at Bowling Green and Columbus, which fa-

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cilitated the turning of the first—Bowling Green—thus compelling it to fall by its own weight, and rendering the second—Columbus—clearly untenable, should Henry succumb, I thought it not only advisable, but of absolute necessity, to abandon Bowling Green without further delay, using it hereafter as a point of observation merely, and to concentrate at once all our available troops upon Henry and Donelson, and thus force General Grant to give us battle there, with every chance of success in our favor, and hardly any hope by him of obtaining assistance elsewhere. The adoption, I said, and above all the vigorous execution of such a plan, would not only restore to us the full control of the Tennessee, but insure likewise the possession of the Cumberland, and eventually secure a much better position to our troops as to the defense of Nashville.

My views were not adopted. General Johnston agreed to their correctness, in a strategic point of view, but feared that a failure to defeat General Grant, as proposed, would jeopardize the security of our positions at other points, and might possibly cause our forces to be crushed between Grant and Buell. His opinion was that, situated as we then were, we should endeavor to gain time, and thus be enabled to save the large stock of supplies and ammunition which the government, with its usual want of foresight, had gathered at Bowling Green, Clarksville and Nashville.

In differing with me on that occasion, as he did, General Johnston clearly lost sight of the following facts: that General Buell had no pontoon train at his disposal; that he could not have crossed the Cumberland between Nashville and Donelson; that we would have had ample time to withdraw our forces from the Tennessee and Cumberland, and take a position in rear of the new line formed at Duck River; that we could even have retreated as far as Nashville, before falling against General Buell, who would have had a much longer march to make; that, in war, success always depends on prompt and vigorous concentration of masses against fractions, and that we then held the interior lines.

Fort Henry fell. Its resistance did not last over a day. Impartial history will not hold General Tilghman responsible for the fall of a work which was known, from the first, to be untenable, and which was attacked by a strong land and naval force. "The railroad bridge, only about twelve miles south of Fort Henry, was now burned by the Federal gun-boats, and that line

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of communication between General Johnston and his forces at Columbus, Western Kentucky, was cut off, as had been apprehended, leaving, as the shortest route available, the line of railroad by Nashville, Decatur, Corinth and Jackson." *

The day following—February 7—I again urged the carrying out of the plan of concentration delineated above, which, in my opinion, was imperative at that juncture, and clearly practicable when we consider that the investment of Fort Donelson was only begun on the 13th of February, and the work surrendered on the morning of the 16th. Our troops, transferred by rail and by water, could have reached Donelson on the 10th, at the latest; whereas General Buell's forces, with rough roads of fully one hundred and twenty-five miles before them, could not, possibly, have operated a junction with General Grant before the 17th. On the morning of the 13th, General Grant was at the head of fifteen thousand men. He was only reinforced † on the evening of that day. We could have had, to oppose him, on the 10th—say even on the 12th—ten thousand men, out of the fourteen thousand with General Johnston, at Bowling Green; eight thousand men under General Floyd, at Russelville; three thousand more, at Clarksville; and these, with five thousand seven hundred more, already at Donelson, would have aggregated a force of nearly twenty-seven thousand men. That force, under General Johnston, or even under myself—for I would have willingly marched on with them to Donelson—would have assured us victory over General Grant's fifteen thousand men; and not only would Fort Donelson have thus been held—for some time to come, at any rate—but we would also have regained Fort Henry before the advent of General Buell. It must be borne in mind that there had been no conflict, worthy of the name, at Donelson, prior to the 15th, and that it was brought on by the advance of our own forces, the enemy having, at first, clearly given way to the impetuous attack made upon him. It is, therefore, but fair to conclude that, with the reinforcements we could have brought to bear against General Grant at that time, the fight would have unquestionably resulted in something more than a mere appearance of victory on the part of the Confederates.

But General Johnston adhered to his own views, as expressed in a memorandum drawn up by General Hardee and myself, on the

* "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XV., p. 219.
† By 10,000 men.

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7th of February, and given in full in "Military Operations of General Beauregard."* It was then determined, that Fort Henry having fallen, and Fort Donelson not being tenable, "*preparations* should at once be made for the removal" of the army of Bowling Green "to Nashville;" that "the troops at Clarksville would cross over to the south of the Cumberland, leaving behind them a force sufficient to protect the manufactories and other property" established there by the government; that "from Nashville, should any further retrograde movement become necessary," it would "be made to Stevenson, and thence according to circumstances."

"It was also determined that the possession of the Tennessee River by the enemy . . . separates the army at Bowling Green from the army at Columbus, Kentucky, which must henceforth act independently of each other until they again be brought together." That, should the line of communication of the army of Columbus be threatened by an overwhelming force, concentrating from various points on the Ohio, "the main body of that army would fall back to Humboldt, and thence, if necessary, to Grand Junction, so as to protect Memphis from either point, and still have a line of retreat to the latter point, or to Grenada, Mississippi, and, if necessary, to Jackson, Mississippi."

The evacuation of Bowling Green was only begun on the 11th of February. I left the next day; but, before doing so, again expressed my views on the condition of affairs around us, in a letter to General Johnston, dated Bowling Green, February 12th, 1862, wherein the following passages occur:

"It also becomes evident that, by the possession of that river (Tennessee), the enemy can concentrate rapidly, by means of his innumerable transports, all his disposable forces on any point along its banks, either to attack Nashville, in rear, or cut off the communications of Columbus by the Mississippi River with Memphis, and by the railroads with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad."

"Should the enemy determine on the former plan of operations, your army, threatened also in front and on the right flank by Buell's large army, will be in a very critical condition, and may be forced to take refuge on the south side of the Tennessee River. But should Halleck adopt the second plan referred to, the position at Columbus will then become no longer tenable for an army inferior in strength to that of the enemy, and must fall back to some central point, where it can guard the main railroads to Memphis, *i. e.*, from Louisville and from Charleston. Jackson, Tennessee, would probably be the best position

* Vol. I., Chap. XV., p. 220.

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for such an object, with strong detachments at Humboldt and Corinth, and with the necessary advance guards." . . . . .

"Columbus must either be left to be defended to the last extremity by its proper garrison, assisted by Hollin's fleet of gunboats, and provided with provisions and ammunition for several months, or abandoned altogether, its armament and garrison being transferred, if practicable, to Fort Pillow, which, I am informed, is naturally and artificially a strong position, about fifty miles above Memphis.

"Island No. 10, near New Madrid, could also be held by its garrison, assisted by Hollin's fleet, until the possession of New Madrid by the enemy would compel that position to be evacuated. I am clearly of the opinion that to attempt at present to hold so advanced a position as Columbus, with the movable army under General Polk, when its communications can be so readily cut off by a surprise force acting from the Tennessee River as a new base, would be to jeopardize, not only the safety of that army, but, necessarily, of the whole Mississippi Valley. Hence I desire, as far as practicable, specific instructions as to the future movements of the army of which I am about to assume command. If it be necessary for the safety of the country to make, with all my forces, a desperate stand at Columbus, I am ready to do so."

General Johnston's answer was given me verbally, at Edgefield, opposite Nashville, on the 14th of February. He said his views had undergone no change since our last conference at Bowling Green, except as to the abandonment of Columbus, and that he would abide by the decision of the War Department in that respect. "His line of retreat, he also said, when forced to withdraw from Nashville, would be along the Nashville, Stevenson and Chattanooga Railroad."

I left Nashville on the 15th, and, on my arrival at Corinth, the next day, found two telegrams awaiting me—one from General Johnston, the other from Colonel Mackall, his chief of staff. Both announced the fall of Fort Donelson. General Johnston's read as follows :

"NASHVILLE, *February* 16, 1862.

"At 2 A.M. to day, Fort Donelson surrendered. We lost all."

Colonel Mackall's dispatch began with the same words, but ended thus :

"We lost all the army except half of Floyd's brigade, which crossed the river. The head of our column is about reaching Nashville."

I was much grieved at this news, but not taken by surprise. The fall of Donelson, without an effort in season to come to its

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succor, was almost inevitable. In a letter written by me to Colonel Roger A. Pryor, on the 14th of February, 1862, I said:

"We must give up some minor points, and concentrate our forces to save the most important ones, or we will lose all of them in succession. The loss of Fort Donelson—(God grant it may not fall!)—would be followed by consequences too lamentable to be now alluded to."

It were scarcely possible to depict the feeling of consternation, anxiety and distrust that spread over the entire section of country comprised within the bounds of General Johnston's department at the announcement of these disastrous events. The people were panic-stricken. The army was all but demoralized. A clamor, as loud as it was unfair, arose from almost every neighboring city, town or hamlet, against the general commanding our forces in the West. Cries of his incompetency—of his disloyalty, even—were uttered by many. He withstood the storm with firmness and manliness, and was uncomplaining. But those who understood the depth and scope of his nature and had studied the course of action followed at Richmond toward our forces in the West, at that time and later on, were not long in discovering on whose shoulders to lay most of the blame that so weighted him down.

On the same day, February 16th, in answer to a dispatch of mine, asking if any direct orders had been issued to General Polk with regard to the troops at and around Columbus, Colonel Mackall, A.A.G., sent me this telegram:

. . . "You must do as your judgment dictates. No orders for your troops have issued from here."

And General Johnston, in another telegram, dated February 18th, said:

"You must now act as seems best to you. The separation of our armies is now complete."

I was then at Jackson, Tennessee, where Colonel Jordan, my chief of staff, had just arrived, after an inspection tour at Columbus. His report, coupled with that of Captain Harris, my chief engineer, about the exaggerated extension of the lines there, the defective location of the works, and the faulty organization of the troops, strengthened my own opinion as to the inability of Columbus to withstand a serious attack, and rendered more imperative still the necessity of its early evacuation. General Polk, who had considered the situation in a different light, and who believed in

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the defensive capacity of the place, was at first averse to the movement. He changed his mind, however, upon my showing him the saliency of Fort Columbus and the weak points of its construction, and cheerfully carried out my instructions, when, on the 19th of February, the War Department having given its consent to the evacuation, he was ordered "to prepare for it without delay."

The supplies and materials kept in reserve were to be forwarded by railroad to Grenada and Columbus; the remaining ones, to Union City, Humboldt, Madrid Bend, New Madrid, and Memphis. The heaviest guns were to be sent to Island No. 10, to the batteries already erected at Madrid Bend and to New Madrid. Guns of a lighter caliber, for the land defenses of the latter place, were also ordered there. Immediate steps were to be taken to prepare for the removal of the other guns to Madrid Bend and Fort Pillow. The greatest precautions were to be observed while carrying on this work, which was to be done at night only, if possible. Columbus was to be held until the batteries at Island No. 10 and at Madrid Bend were reported ready for the defense of the river.

The batteries at the head of Island No. 10 and at Madrid Bend were not intended for permanent occupation; but Fort Pillow was, and was being strengthened, as much as practicable, for that purpose. Captain Harris, who was already an efficient engineer at the time of which I write, and who made such a brilliant record afterward, at Charleston, at Savannah, as also at Drury's Bluff and Petersburg, had received most minute instructions from me, "as to the planning, laying out, and construction of these batteries, including the details of their parapets, embrasures, traverses, and magazines." * He had been ordered, besides, to repair to Fort Pillow, as soon as he could, with a view to reducing it to a garrison of about three thousand men, thus remedying, as far as possible, the error originally committed there, of preparing that work for a force of from nine to ten thousand men. †

* "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XVI, p. 236.

† "The grave defect in these river defenses, at Columbus and Fort Pillow, was in their extended lines, requiring a whole army to hold them, leaving no forces for operations in the field. This was one of the great mistakes in engineering on both sides during the war. A garrison of from three to five thousand men, in properly constructed forts, with an ample supply of ammunition and provisions, would have been sufficient for the defense of our principal rivers until reinforcements, in an emergency, could have been sent to their relief."—"Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XVI., p. 237.

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The evacuation of Columbus was begun on the 25th of February. That it was a military necessity none will now deny, except perhaps some blind partisan who may take upon himself to criticise and condemn, without adequate knowledge upon the subject, and without assigning any reason or proof in support of his assertion. If it were a "mistake" to have evacuated Columbus at that time, the responsibility should rest as much upon General Johnston, who agreed to it, as upon myself, who suggested the movement, but only ordered it after being authorized to do so by the War Department. I was ready to defend Columbus "*to the last extremity*" if so ordered by the commanding general, and had so expressed myself in my letter to him, dated Bowling Green, February 12, 1862, already referred to in this article. I knew, however, it would be disastrous in the extreme to attempt such a defense, situated as we then were. General Johnston, who understood the crisis far better than those who presume to interpret him to-day, required no persuasion to adopt this course, and did so, not as a concession to me, but clearly because he was convinced of its advisability. "To defend Columbus" at that time, "with a reduced garrison, and withdraw Polk and his army for active movements," * was never even hinted at by General Johnston, in any of our conferences on the subject; and was, I may add, a physical impossibility, as no "*reduced garrison*" could have defended Columbus, when it is considered that "the works at that place were made for a garrison of at least thirteen thousand men, armed with one hundred and forty (mostly heavy) guns." † Evidently no army at all would have been left to General Polk for "*active movements*" in the field.

At that time (February 25) I had not yet formally assumed command of the military district assigned to me. My health was impaired, and had been, even before my leaving Bowling Green, on the 12th, and, in fact, prior to my departure from Centreville, Virginia. My endeavors, however, to become acquainted with every point included in my new command, had been incessant; and General Polk, though not actually relieved from his duties as commander of his district, had kindly allowed me not only to advise him, but also, in a great measure, to direct his own as well

* See Colonel W. P. Johnston's article, in "Century Magazine" of February, 1885, p. 618.

† "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XV., p. 238.

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as the movements of the forces directly under him. General Johnston favored the course I was then pursuing, as can be seen by the following telegram, dated Murfreesboro, February 21st, from Colonel Mackall, A. A. G., speaking in General Johnson's name:

"If not well enough to assume command, I hope that you, now having had time to study the field, will advise General Polk of your judgment as to the proper disposition of his army, in accordance with the views you entertain in your Memorandum, unless you have changed your views. I can't order him, not knowing but what you have assumed command, and your orders conflict."

Meanwhile, General Johnston, threatened by General Buell's large army, had been compelled to withdraw from Nashville, his rear guard marching out of that city late on the evening of the 23d of February. His line of retreat, as already agreed upon, was toward Stevenson, North-eastern Alabama. He had with him, at that time, an aggregate of some seventeen thousand men.

It was at this most critical juncture of our affairs, that, taking advantage of the latitude given me by General Johnston's telegram of February 18th, and knowing how important it was that we should adopt prompt measures to improve the situation and instill new confidence in the people, I came to the conclusion to abandon at once the "passive-defensive," which had led us, so far, to disaster only, and to inaugurate instead the entirely opposite system of aggressive warfare, as the best chance—if not the only hope—of recovering some of our lost ground.

The prospect was far from encouraging. General Johnston was retreating toward North-eastern Alabama and Georgia. The distance between his sorely tried troops and those who were still under General Polk was daily increasing instead of diminishing. General Grant, on the other hand, emboldened by his recent successes at Henry and Donelson, could, almost unimpeded, move at once, either upon the rear of Columbus and thus strike it a death-blow; or he could ascend the Tennessee River as far as Hamburg or Eastport, seize the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, thereby completely separating the two Confederate armies, turning West Kentucky and West Tennessee; and, finally, taking Memphis, Fort Pillow, New Madrid, Island No. 10 and Columbus; which would have given him possession of the entire Mississippi Valley.

The only forces I could control at the time were about fifteen thousand men, under General Polk, stationed at the various Mis-

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sissippi River defenses; some two thousand more, at or near Iuka, under General Chalmers; and three thousand already at Corinth, with Brigadier-General Ruggles; aggregating twenty thousand men of all arms, not thoroughly organized, and very poorly armed and equipped.

My plan was to operate with my movable forces, not on the defensive line adopted by General Johnston, as agreed upon at Bowling Green, on the 7th of February,* but on an entirely new line, starting from Island No. 10, and extending to Corinth, through Union City, Humboldt and Jackson—thus throwing my forces across the Louisville and Memphis, and the Memphis and Charleston railroads; covering Memphis, and covering the railroad center at Corinth, with as strong a force as possible at Iuka, and a smaller one at Tuscumbia, in order to secure my railroad communication with the East. Holding the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, as I then did, I could have thus concentrated rapidly, with a view, either to face the enemy, in an attempt on his part to threaten the Louisville and Memphis Railroad, or even, if circumstances favored me, to directly attack him, should he try to land along the bend of the Tennessee River, at any point between Coffee Landing and Eastport.

To carry out such a plan more troops were needed, and I was not ignorant of the difficulty to be met with in my effort to procure them. Time, also, was a very important factor to be considered, for it was apparent to me that, should the enemy be bold and push forward his advantages, we could not hope to be a successful barrier in his way.

I resolved to send messengers at once to the governors of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, with a circular addressed to each of them, in which I endeavored to explain the inevitable result to us of additional disasters to our arms, and asking each of them to forward to me, with the utmost celerity, from five thousand to ten thousand men, already armed and equipped, their services not to be taken advantage of for more than ninety days, which, I believed, would be sufficient to enable us, by timely and vigorous action, to "recover our losses, and insure the defense of the Mississippi River."† I also made an

* See Memorandum already referred to, Vol. I., Chap. XV., p. 220, "Military Operations of General Beauregard."

† See Circular referred to, in "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XVI., pp. 240, 241.

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appeal to General Bragg, asking him for such troops as he could send from Mobile and Pensacola, assuring him, at the same time, of the additional assistance he would afford me were he able to accompany them. I called likewise on General Lovell, at New Orleans. To General Van Dorn, then in Arkansas with some twenty thousand men, I sent a most pressing message, inviting him to join me, *via* New Madrid or Columbus, with as large a portion of his forces as possible. In my letter to him I said :

"By the fall of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, the forces under General Polk (now to be under me) are entirely cut off from those under General A. S. Johnston, and must henceforth depend upon themselves alone for the defense of the Mississippi River and contiguous States: the fall of Columbus, and of Island No. 10, must necessarily be followed by the loss of the whole Mississippi River. The fate of Missouri necessarily depends on the successful defense of Columbus and of Island No. 10: hence, we must, if possible, combine our operations not only to defend those positions, but also to take the offensive as soon as practicable, to recover some lost ground." *

I also sent a messenger (Lieutenant, afterward Brigadier-General S. W. Ferguson) to General Johnston, in order to obtain his co-operation to my plan if he could give it. He was then at Murfreesboro, actively engaged with his retreat from Nashville, on the Stevenson and Chattanooga Railroad.

My messengers were all members of my personal and general staff. They left my head-quarters, at Jackson, Tennessee, on the 22d of February.

I advised the War Department of what I had done, and asked for whatever instructions it might deem expedient to give me. It neither sanctioned nor disapproved the course I had followed.

General Johnston readily acceded to my request, and took up a new line of march toward Decatur, through Shelbyville, Fayetteville and Huntsville. Left to his own discretion by the War Department, as to whether to comply with my demand or not, General Bragg concluded to give his assent, and furnished me with some ten thousand men of all arms. General Lovell did all he possibly could under the circumstances. The governors of the four States already mentioned, used every exertion in their power to respond to my urgent call upon them. I could get no immediate answer from General Van Dorn, whose whereabouts just

* The whole letter is given in "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XVI., p. 242.

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then were not very definite. He showed, however, much willingness to assist me, when free to do so, but did not reach the scene of operations in time.

Columbus was evacuated on the 2d of March. The enemy did not show the vigilance and boldness which it was reasonable to expect he would, and thus indirectly facilitated our work. After the evacuation, about seven thousand men of General Polk's forces were placed under General McCown, at New Madrid, some sixty miles below Columbus and not more than ten miles from Island No. 10. The main body of General Polk's command was collected at Humboldt, which was central to Memphis, Jackson, Grand Junction, Henderson, Corinth, and Fort Pillow. A rear guard of two regiments and about five hundred cavalry were stationed at Union City, in the direction of Lexington; the cavalry to be well in advance from Hickman to Paris. The movements of the enemy were watched by mounted parties, provided with pieces of light artillery, who had been ordered to patrol the west bank of the Tennessee, and inform me of anything unusual that might attract their attention.

Reports, in the main reliable, having soon reached me, that the enemy was preparing a great offensive demonstration from Cairo, Paducah and Fort Henry, while General Pope was on his march to New Madrid, it became plain to me that danger threatened us from the Tennessee River, which, if well founded, might completely separate General Johnston's army from the forces under General Polk, and thus place the former, as well as the latter, at the mercy of the overwhelming masses which would undoubtedly be thrown against them. It was at this precise moment that I fixed upon Corinth as the best point of concentration on our part, and as the natural Confederate base for any offensive operations of our forces. To say that any one—including General Johnston and myself—had thought of Corinth, and could have designated it as the strategic point of the Shiloh campaign, before the enemy had given evidence of any hostile movement from or near Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River, is sheer folly, and scarcely needs contradiction to be so pronounced. But to say, furthermore, as has been the case, that General Johnston "*sent me,*" when we last parted, at Edgefield, opposite Nashville, on the 14th of February, or at any time before, or at any time after, "*with instructions to concentrate all available forces near Corinth—a movement*

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*previously begun"* *—is not only absolutely imaginary, but a most positive attempt to pervert the truth of history. General Johnston never made even the slightest allusion to Corinth, in any of our conferences about his future plans of operations or mine. I never received a word of instructions from him about concentrating there, or elsewhere. He only agreed to form a junction with me, after General Ferguson had seen him, in my name, with the request that he should change his line of retreat and shorten the distance between our two armies, instead of increasing it, as he was actually doing, when met by my messenger at Murfreesboro, on the 22d or 23d of February. It was wholly at my suggestion and urgent request that he marched his army to Corinth. In fact, he believed it to be "a hazardous experiment," situated as he then was, as he states himself, in his letter of March 18, to President Davis.

On the 2d of March I dispatched another messenger to him—Colonel (then Captain) Otey, of my staff, with the following letter:

"DEAR GENERAL:—I send you herewith inclosed a slip showing the intended movements of the enemy, no doubt against the troops in Western Tennessee. I think you ought to hurry up your troops to Corinth by railroad, as soon as practicable, for there or thereabouts will soon be fought the great battle of this controversy."

General Johnston's answer, through Colonel Mackall, his adjutant, was dated from Fayetteville, March 5, 1862, and ran thus:

"GENERAL:—Your letter of 2d instant has been received by General Johnston. He replies: The army advancing, had reached this place; on arriving at Decatur, he will decide on the promptest mode."

I had now fair reason to hope that all our forces, including General Johnston's small army, and the troops forthcoming from Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, would soon be collected at the point selected by me, and that, should the Federal commander show too much boldness on the west bank of the Tennessee, we could successfully check his course, before allowing him to further develop his ulterior plans. Pittsburg Landing, it seemed to me from a critical study of the map and of the reported movements of the enemy, would be one of the points selected by him to effect a landing. General Ruggles, by my order, caused a regi-

* See Colonel W. P. Johnston's article in the "Century Magazine" of February, 1885, p. 618.

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ment—the 18th Louisiana—to be sent there as a corps of observation. The attempted landing of a Federal force, supported by two gunboats, which was repulsed the next day by that regiment, proves that I was not mistaken.

On the 6th, General Bragg's forces began to arrive. They were pushed on to Corinth, as originally decided upon; and General Bragg was instructed by me to lose no time in organizing into brigades and divisions his own and all the troops then coming in from various points. I also directed him to inspect the position at Monterey, midway between Corinth and Pittsburg Landing, with a view to adopt it, instead of Corinth, as our chief point of concentration, should the enemy evince a serious intent to select Pittsburg—and not Eastport—for a permanent disembarkment. General Bragg was of opinion that Corinth offered greater facilities for transportation, and it therefore remained, as at first intended by me, "the grand central point for the rallying and concentration of all the Confederate forces." *

I deem it unnecessary, for the purposes of this paper, to dwell upon the difficulties I experienced at that time, through the want of field officers, for the complete organization of the troops that were being conveyed from the States already referred to, in response to my call upon them. The indifference and apparent unwillingness of the War Department, as evidenced in that connection, was a great source of perplexity to me, and one of the main causes of our inability to begin, as early as I would have otherwise wished, the aggressive movement which was being prepared against the enemy at Pittsburg Landing.

I officially assumed command, on the 5th of March, of the military district assigned to me. One of the first steps taken by me, in view of the evacuation of Columbus and of the concentration of our troops at or near Corinth, was to cause sufficient supplies of grain and provisions to be gathered at Union City, Humboldt, Jackson, and Henderson, in Western Tennessee, and at Corinth, Grand Junction, and Iuka, in Mississippi. My principal supplying depots were Columbus, Mississippi, and Grenada.

On the 13th of March, five Federal divisions, reinforced a few days later by five thousand men, under General C. F. Smith, ar-

* "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap XVII., p. 251.



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rived at Savannah, twelve miles below Pittsburg Landing, on the opposite side of the Tennessee River. They aggregated some forty-three thousand men of all arms. General Sherman's division, without effecting a landing at Savannah, had been sent up the river, with a view, it was said, to destroy the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, at a short distance from Eastport. It was kept in check and deterred from even attempting to accomplish its purpose by two companies of infantry, acting as artillery, and belonging to General Chalmers' command—some 2,500 men—stationed near Iuka, five or six miles from the river. It attempted immediately afterward—but with no better success—to burn some railroad shops near Burnsville, eight miles west of Iuka, and finally "dropped down to Pittsburg Landing on the night of the 14th (March), having made a useless demonstration, but one which confirmed me in the opinion that Corinth would be the final objective point of the Federal movement."* About that time, a small bridge, twenty-four miles north of Corinth, near Bethel Station, was burned by a raiding party from General McClernand's division, which had been detached to destroy the Mobile and Ohio Railroad between Corinth and Jackson, but utterly failed to do so. There was hesitancy, then, on the part of the enemy. He was feeling his way, and with more than ordinary caution. General Grant had not yet assumed command, and, as he states,† was "virtually in arrest, on board a steamer," near Fort Henry. He only arrived, and officially relieved General Smith, on or about the 17th of March.

On the other hand, General Pope had appeared before New Madrid, on the 3d of March. He had with him some twenty-five thousand men. He really and seriously began his attack on the 12th, and reduced the works, after no great effort on his part, on the night of the 14th. He was thus, consciously or not, co-operating with the movements of the Federals on the Tennessee River. General McCown saved his men, however, and had them transferred to the other side of the river. Most of them were sent to support the batteries at Island No. 10. General McCown was subsequently relieved from his duties, and General Mackall, General

* "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XVIII., p. 256.

† See General Grant's article in the "Century Magazine" of February, 1885, p. 594.

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Johnston's able chief of staff, took command in his place. On the 16th, Commodore Foote's fleet of gunboats and mortar boats began the regular bombardment of Island No. 10. More endurance was exhibited there than at New Madrid. In fact, the garrison behaved creditably to itself and its commanders. But the easy fall of New Madrid, led, almost inevitably, to the fall of Island No. 10.

When, in my opinion, the enemy had sufficiently shown what his purpose was, I hurried the concentration of all the forces I could dispose of in Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi. By the middle of March I had successfully collected and gathered, within short and easy marching from Corinth, about twenty-three thousand men of all arms, exclusive of the forces originally under General Polk—some fourteen thousand men—which raised my aggregate to forty-four thousand men, more or less, of all arms. The greatest number of them were very indifferently armed and equipped. Some even—the cavalry especially—had no arms at all. They were mostly raw troops, unhabituated to camp life, undisciplined, and hardly drilled. But they were composed of the best element in the South, and had answered the call of their respective governors, and my own, with the determination of doing their whole duty toward the cause they had espoused.

General Johnston had been advised of all the dispositions I had taken for the troops thus being sent to me. He had invariably approved of all I had done; though, in his opinion, as appears by the following telegram—not generally known, and which I here append—Corinth was too near the Tennessee River to be considered the best point of concentration for our forces. The telegram read thus:

"DECATUR, *March* 15, 1862.

"To GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD:

"Have you had the south bank of the Hatchee examined, near Bolivar? I recommend it to your attention. It has, besides the other advantages, that of being further from the enemy's line."

I could not agree with General Johnston in that regard, and although ready to admit that, under ordinary circumstances, a good defensive line might have been established near Bolivar, at the spot designated in the foregoing telegram, it was not, by far,

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the best one to be selected just then, in order to carry out the aggressive movement I was preparing, and for which I had even suggested Monterey, instead of Corinth, because of its greater proximity to Pittsburg Landing.

The whole Federal force destined for operations on the Tennessee River, under General Grant, were now assembled at Pittsburg Landing, with the exception of General Lew Wallace's division—about seven thousand men—which had been stationed at Crump's Landing, some five miles below Pittsburg, by General Smith, and left there by General Grant, who considered the position "so well chosen" that no orders were given to change it, "until the Confederate attack at Shiloh."* In fact, General Grant, even as late as the 5th of April, as he admitted himself, "felt by no means certain that Crump's Landing might not be the point of attack."†

General Buell, with seven divisions, aggregating an effective force of over seventy-three thousand men, had quietly remained at Nashville, after the fall of that place, and had not materially interfered with General Johnston's retreat, first to Murfreesboro, afterward to Fayetteville, Huntsville, Decatur, and finally to Corinth. He was at last ordered (March 15) by General Halleck to form a junction with the forces operating under General Grant, on the Tennessee. He only had five divisions with him at that time, or some forty thousand men of all arms. The two other divisions, namely, the seventh, under General G. W. Morgan, and the third, under General O. M. Mitchell, had been detached from his main army, for some special purpose; partly, it was said, for the destruction of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and partly for a raiding incursion in East Tennessee. General Buell's destination was, first, Savannah, and then Pittsburg Landing; though it seems he was not personally informed of the change; for during his march, which only averaged some eleven miles a day he had determined to move to Hamburg, six miles above Pittsburg, and there to await further instructions.

The great point for us, and the essential feature of the campaign, was to strike a blow upon the enemy in our front before General Buell's junction with General Grant. My efforts tended

* General Grant's article in "Century Magazine," of February, 1885, p. 594.

† Idem., p. 595.

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to nothing else. But I knew that, with the forces under me, gathered as they had been, and under such difficulties, no chance of success existed, were I to attempt an aggressive movement upon the combined forces under Generals Grant and Buell, which would have aggregated from eighty to eighty-five thousand effectives of all arms. I informed General Johnston of the fact, urging him again to hurry on with his army, and I also renewed my call upon the War Department for the field officers I had so often—but thus far uselessly—asked for.

General Johnston arrived at Corinth late on the 22d of March. His army came in after him but followed closely, the last files of his columns reaching their place of rendezvous on the 27th. One of his corps, under General Hardee, was stationed in the near vicinity of Corinth. It consisted of about eight thousand men. The other corps—some five thousand more, exclusive of cavalry—commanded by General Crittenden, took position at Burnsville and Iuka, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

I had scarcely explained to General Johnston the situation around us, the position of the enemy in our front, and the most important details of the organization of the forces under me, in view of the plans he had already been advised of, when, to my surprise, he gravely and impressively declared, with visible emotion, that, with my consent, he would turn over to me the direct command of all the troops now collected at Corinth, including his own, and confine himself exclusively to the duties of department commander, establishing for the purpose his head-quarters at Memphis or Holly Springs. He said that, in his opinion, the adoption of such a course would instill renewed confidence in the people, and even in the army, and eventually benefit the success of our cause. I thoroughly appreciated the motives actuating him, and admired and esteemed him all the more for it. I refused, none the less, to acquiesce in his proposal, and did so in terms befitting the occasion. There was no possibility for misinterpretation on my part as to the "spirit and intention" of General Johnston's offer to me.* It was plain and significant, and I understood it.

It was then agreed that, together—he, as first in command, I as second—we would undertake the task laid out before us, and do

* See Colonel W. P. Johnston's article in the "Century Magazine" of February, 1885, p. 619.

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our best to achieve success. With his authorization, and in fact at his request, I drew up the plan reorganizing the "Army of the Mississippi," as it was then called, which was approved of and signed by him, as commander-in-chief, and subsequently published to our united forces, on the 29th of March, as a General Orders.*

The army, as it now stood was divided into three corps: the first, under Major-General Polk, consisted of the Grand Division, as originally organized in his former military district, except as to the artillery and cavalry, otherwise disposed of, and excepting also the troops in garrison at Fort Pillow, Island No. 10, and the other works on the Mississippi River. The second, under Major-General Bragg, was called the Second Grand Division of the Army of the Mississippi, with the same limitations as to artillery, cavalry and the reserves. The third corps was under Major-General Hardee. It consisted of the Army of Kentucky, that is to say, of the troops which had followed General Johnston from Bowling Green and Nashville, subject to the same restrictions with regard to artillery, cavalry and the reserves. The infantry reserves, withdrawn from the three corps, as indicated above, formed a division of at least two brigades. They were placed at first under General Crittenden, and very soon subsequently under Brigadier-General Breckinridge.

As Colonel Mackall, General Johnston's former adjutant, had been recently promoted and sent in command of one of the river defenses, General (then Colonel) Thomas Jordan, my chief of staff, was announced, in General Orders, as Adjutant-General of the united forces of the Army of the Mississippi.

My hope had been that our onward movement could begin on the 1st of April. I knew that General Buell was, at that time, at or near Franklin, and that several bridges—and among them an important one on Duck River—had been destroyed on the route he was following, and I counted upon these and similar hinderances to delay and otherwise embarrass his march. Our deficiencies were such, however, and so great was the inexperience of some of our subordinate commanders, so complete also our lack of engineers, inspectors, and other field officers, that, to my extreme disappoint-

* See paper referred to in "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I., Chap. XIX., pp. 267, 268.

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ment, our forces were not ready and did not make the projected advance as early as I had wished and striven to have it done.

A crisis was now unexpectedly brought upon us by the fact of a telegram being sent by General Cheatham to General Polk, his corps commander, stating that late on the evening of the 2d of April, at or near Bethel Station, twenty-four miles north of Corinth, where he was stationed, a large body of the enemy, which he took to be General Lew Wallace's division, had suddenly appeared in his front, with an apparent purpose of attack. General Polk forwarded the dispatch to Colonel Jordan, the adjutant-general, who immediately sent it to my quarters. I read it, thought over it a moment, and believing from its context that the enemy had divided his forces to carry out his reported incursion against Bethel—for nothing showed General Cheatham's surmise as to Lew Wallace's division to be correct—I ordered the telegram carried to General Johnston, after writing the following words on the back of it:

"Now is the moment to advance and strike the enemy at Pittsburg Landing."

Late as it was (nearly eleven o'clock P.M.) Colonel Jordan repaired to General Johnston's head-quarters, and handed him the dispatch with my indorsement. He went with it to General Bragg's quarters, nearly opposite his own, and asked him to take cognizance of it. General Bragg did so and declared himself in favor of the suggestion. General Johnston was, at first, of a different opinion, which he urged with his usual earnestness. He thought our forces were not in a condition, at that moment, for such an onset, and that it would not be possible to collect our reserves in time. Colonel Jordan reassured him on that point, and added that, by hurrying the advance as suggested, my conviction was that we would take the enemy by surprise, and thus deal him a much heavier blow than by further delaying our projected plan; that we were as ready now as we could expect to be a few days later, when General Buell, in all likelihood, would have already effected his junction with General Grant. General Johnston thereupon yielded his assent, and instructed Colonel Jordan to prepare the necessary orders in view of the movement. This is in contrast with what was lately written about General Johnston's plan of campaign, and his eagerness, at that time, for "immediate

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and decisive action;" while, on the other hand, it is stated, General Bragg and myself were endeavoring to retard the attack for the purpose of "thorough reorganization."*

The substance of the orders thus prepared by Colonel Jordan, without leaving General Bragg's room, was, that Generals Bragg, Polk and Hardee should "hold their several corps in condition to move at a moment's notice, having forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes, and three days' cooked rations in their haversacks; also, sixty rounds of ammunition and uncooked rations in wagons for three days, etc." †

Couriers were sent, that very night, with copies of said orders to Generals Polk and Hardee. General Breckinridge was notified by telegraphic dispatch. General Bragg needed no copy of the circular order, as he was present while it was being written at his own quarters.

G. P. T. BEAUREGARD.

* See Colonel W. P. Johnston's article in the "Century Magazine" of February, 1885, p. 619.

† See General Jordan's report of his mission to General Johnston, on the night of the 2d of April, 1862.

(*To be concluded.*)

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# THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

LET me, on the very threshold, beg my readers not to charge me with presumption if I venture to offer them a few thoughts about the work of the church in America, the work, I mean, which seems to lie most obviously before her—the work most urgently pressed upon her by the needs of the times. The words of a stranger, however feeble or inadequate, may sometimes attract a passing notice which the better and stronger words of a prophet in his own country might fail to win. Whatever I say will not be said *ex cathedrâ*, but with humility, diffidence, and deep respect. In point of fact, it will not express merely my own individual opinion. During my stay in America there is no question which I have asked more frequently or more earnestly than this—What is the task which most urgently demands the consideration and the energies of the Church of God in this great country? I have put that question to men of all ranks and of all positions; and I have heard the answers freely given to it by authors, by senators, by politicians of all ranks, by newspaper editors, by judges, bishops, lawyers, and the clergy of all denominations. It is very possible that I shall reflect but inadequately the varying opinions which have been expressed to me, but I will mention some of the suggestions which I have heard, and shall at least speak of them with modesty and with entire good faith.

By "the church" I do not, of course, mean only the Episcopal Church. It would be a mark of unworthy arrogance for any one religious body to claim the title of "the church" as its exclusive badge. My remarks are meant to apply to the church of God in general; to any and every religious community in the midst of which (to quote the definition of our Article) the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments are duly administered. By the

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church in America, I mean all the churches in America ; whether Papal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, or Episcopalian. These churches are far less separated by differences of organization and of opinion than they are united by common fealty to the Gospel of Christ, and common allegiance to the two ancient creeds of universal Christendom.

I have heard it remarked by one American of eminence that America needs, more than anything else, a new enthusiasm. The very word "enthusiasm" implies a divine impulse, and the enthusiasm inspired by any noble cause is the most elevating and ennobling of all influences. It begins, for the most part, in the soul of some one man, where it burns like a fire of God, and is flashed by him into the souls of thousands. Such an enthusiasm was that which kindled the consciences of William Lloyd Garrison and of John Brown into burning hatred of the slave trade. It has been said of Garrison, and justly said, that posterity will find no marble white enough with which to build his monument. He was endowed with the same moral genius which had enlightened Clarkson and Wilberforce in England, and in the intensity of his conviction he set himself to illuminate the spiritual dimness of twenty millions of his countrymen. He met with an amount of opposition enormous in volume and unspeakably virulent in intensity ; and it is among the saddest parts of this opposition that the church in general was either hostile to him or lukewarm. He had, indeed, some noble and passionate voices raised in his favor—the voice of Sumner in the Senate, of Theodore Parker in the pulpit, of Wendell Phillips on the platform. But, slowly and surely, he awoke the mighty sympathies of the great mass of the people. "Give me anything that walks erect and can read," said the last-named unrivaled orator, "and he shall count one in the millions of the Lord's sacramental host which is yet to come up and trample all oppression into the dust." Event after event, each in itself apparently insignificant, tended to precipitate the great and awful civil war which, more than any event since the War of Independence, bowed the heart of the nation like the heart of one man, and, alike in the North and the South, uplifted into the light of history great examples of human virtue. That war marks the growth to full manhood of the American people. "The war," says Mr. Lowell, "which established our position as a vigorous nationality has also sobered us. A nation, like a man, cannot look

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death in the face for four years without arriving at some clear consciousness of the stuff he is made of, and without some great moral change. Such a change, or the beginning of it, no observant person can fail to see here. Our thought and our politics, and our bearing as a people, are assuming a manlier tone."

But peace came, and it came to a nation boasting one flag and knit together forever in indissoluble bonds. And times of prosperous peace are times of profound moral peril. In one of his most eloquent passages, Mr. Ruskin has pointed out how, in the struggles of nations, their impotence, and even their disorganization, they often have higher hopes and nobler aspirations. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind ; out of the endurance, the fortitude ; out of deliverance, the faith. But, when the more violent causes of disturbance have sunk to rest, there is danger lest other evils should rise—evils which vex less though they injure more, which suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. There is danger, he says, lest, at such times, indolence should succeed to effort, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and the darkness of foul thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loin and the burning lamp.

Has America wholly escaped the moral dangers which are incident to prosperity and peace ?

It is not for a stranger to answer that question. But, if the popular testimony of many among her own writers is to be accepted, those dangers have been felt. American publicists have complained of "a wide prominence of dishonesty both in commerce and in politics ;" of defalcations, of malfeasance, of "sinister legislation, bought and paid for by those whom it profited ;" of a rage for amateur speculation which was the ruin of the peace, the fortune, and the morals of many homes. "The year now drawing to a close," wrote an American reviewer in 1884, "is of a nature calculated to humiliate and discourage those who have both pride and faith in republican institutions. It is not necessary to name over the long and melancholy list. Political scandals and revelations of commercial dishonor are fresh in the minds of all, and all have observed the apparently lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage, the growing tendency toward stock gambling in all sections of the community, and the increased popular success of demagogism in public life."

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Mr. Story, the poet-sculptor, in his Ode at Salem, said :

> " Cleanse the Augean stable of politics,
> Of its foul muck of crafts, and wiles, and tricks;
> Break the base rings where commerce reeks and rots;
> Purge speculation of its canker spots."

These passages indicate the two great spheres of American action—politics and business. It is never possible to create, at will, a new enthusiasm, but the steady work of moral development and reformation may always take its place. Is there no special work before the American Church in these great regions of their country's life ?

None but ignorant and half-educated persons will ask : " What have the clergy to do with politics ? " If " politics " mean the corporate action of citizens, the church would be doomed to work in regions of unreality if she reduced herself to impotence and silence as regards matters which most keenly interest the great masses of the nation. There is little hope of political purity and nobleness if the righteous and the reasonable and the men of culture and aspiration shrink from public life with too cowardly a fastidiousness. Any one who has ever attended a political meeting and watched the ready response awakened by every sentiment, and the intensity of emotion aroused in multitudes by political discussions, must see that the church cannot accept the rule which would shut her out from participation in these struggles. It is true that the pulpit ought never to be abused for party purposes except in cases where, as in the case of slavery, questions are involved which have a direct bearing upon the eternal moral law. As regards the ordinary party questions, clergymen will be for the most part wisely content to do their duty as ordinary Christians. I have heard it said that the church did not gain by any mere direct influence which she exercised in the case of the last presidential struggle. How this may be, American churchmen can judge best; but daily experience in England enables me to testify that the clergy of all denominations may play a most important and a most beneficent part in politics; and that in several ways. First, they may keep steadily and strongly before the minds of the people the general conviction that righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is the reproach of any people. Next, they may apply this principle in relation to every question—and such questions arise perpetually—in which moral considerations

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are immediately involved. Further, they may bring to the study of all politics a seriousness of mind and a sensitiveness of conscience which is a safer guide than the conventional maxims of timid statecraft. Lastly, they may set the example of discussing every political question with candor and magnanimity; of being just and fair to opponents; of refusing either to exaggerate or to misrepresent; of rising superior to the bitterness of petty animosities; of seeing questions in their right perspective by contemplating them through other media than those of party passion. Above all, they may elevate the tone of political discussion, avoiding the base personalities and mitigating the brutal ferocities of language which often make the strife of political parties so ignoble and so saddening a spectacle. No function of the church in relation to everyday life would be more legitimate than that of so intermingling with political life as to ennoble its aspirations and improve its true methods.

In the other great sphere of life, the sphere of business, there is also an opportunity for members of all the churches, whether lay or clerical, to exercise a most beneficent influence. The spirit of gambling is inherent in human nature, because it supplies the craving for excitement which exists alike in the mind of the savage and the civilized man. It can only be exorcised by "the expulsive force of good affections." The power of the pulpit is derived from the aggregate force of innumerable separate appeals; it illustrates the physical law known as "the superimposition of small impacts," the force which enables the operator to make a heavy bar of iron first shiver, then move, then oscillate with powerful and rhythmic swing, by pelting it time after time with a tiny pellet of cork. The effect of each separate sermon may seem to be infinitesimal; but immense would be the effect of thousands of weekly and daily sermons all tending to impress upon multitudes of business men, who have not forsaken the ordinances of religion, the ideas of magnanimity and stainless honesty. The church alone can effectually teach, and it is her mission to teach, to mankind the firm principles of honor, the nobler elements of national purpose and national life. She alone can convince nations that industrial success is of infinitely lower value than the purpose of duty, the love of right, the enthusiasm for the blessing of mankind. She alone can leave on the minds of men the conviction that "a prosperous iniquity is the most unprofitable condition in the world," and that

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"labor vocal on every hill-side and commerce white on every sea" are but a poor result of a century of freedom and large civilization if they tend only to luxury and accumulation, and to deepening the chasm which separates capital from toil.

And, therefore, much of the church's work depends upon her attitude toward wealth. Such expressions as "the almighty dollar;" such proverbs as that once quoted by Wendell Phillips about springing after a dollar at any risk, even if it were put on the other side of hell; such a terrible sentence as that of Theodore Parker, "In the American Church money is God," point to a danger against which prosperous nations, and England quite as much as America, have ever to be on their guard. All the clergy, and all true men, can set the example of simplicity of life. They can show an individual superiority to the seductions of Mammon, and rise superior to that base idolatry. One of the greatest living religious teachers of the world—an English ecclesiastic who has exercised stupendous influence—for the greater part of a very long life, and even to advanced age, never had a larger income than two hundred pounds a year. He has shown to the world the spectacle of a great soul living in a small house, and his example has poured silent contempt on the base divinity of gold. Those will best estimate the value of such an example who have noticed the prominence given in Scripture to the dangers of avarice, whether for communities or for individual men. It is more than a hundred years since Joseph Hancock appealed to Americans, by the memories of their fathers, to despise the glare of wealth, and not to be betrayed by the soft arts of luxury and effeminacy into the pit digged for their own destruction:

> "This is the moral of all human tales,
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First freedom, and then glory; when that fails.
> Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last,
> And History with all her volumes vast
> Hath but one tale."

If such a poet as Byron could thus have learnt from the Hebrew prophets the lessons taught by the fate of Egypt, and of Tyre, and from history the warning memories of Spain and Venice, the church may well feel it to be her duty to keep unceasingly before the mind of nations the truth that opulence is not essential to national greatness, but that justice, mercy, and tem-

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perance are; and that, without these, increasing wealth may but be a sign of inward weakness just as the gorgeous conflagration of the autumnal woods is but an evidence of their decay.

And if it be true that divorce in America is greatly on the increase, here, again, there is necessity for the Church's most strenuous action. The corner-stone of the commonwealth is the hearth-stone. The purity and delight of domestic life has hitherto been the special strength and glory of America no less than of England. It is always the main pillar of true national prosperity. When Virgil gave to Æneas the two epithets of *pius* and *pater*, Dryden found great difficulty in dealing with them, because he had not mastered the central conception of the Latin poet, that the national greatness of Rome depended on the spirit of filial affection and family life. Rome was doomed to slow and agonizing decay from the days when her women began to date their years by the number of their husbands. How far the sense of inviolable sanctity in the bond of marriage is being relaxed I cannot know; but, if such be the case, the church cannot be too watchful or too active in arresting the downward movement and averting a peril which would in time prove to be more deadly than any other.

Again, the church would be doing a great work for the national life if she could show her power to elevate and purify the press. No one who has looked at the countless multitudes of local newspapers can fail to fear that powerful influences are constantly tending to bring about a slow degeneracy of the people's life. The immense multiplication of the details of crime, however mean or however revolting—the fact that, wherever wrong or lewdness is wrought over this immense continent, there the knowledge and contemplation of it are forced on the attention of indolent curiosity—is alone an almost unspeakable evil. It familiarizes the minds of the masses with that unwholesome interest in crime and degradation, which, as Dante might teach us, is a fruitful source of demoralization. Then, again, the insatiable passion for personalities is ignoble and weakening, and shows a fatal tendency to invade the sacred privacy of families and of individual lives. Worse than all is the levity with which stories are invented, and the credulity with which, after millions of instances of their utter untrustworthiness, they are still believed. All of us are perhaps too ready to look upon all this as inevitable, as a matter of course, as an evil which, at the worst, is insignificant. I cannot think so. If the

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church cannot hope, without long and painful effort, to improve the taste of the masses as to cure them of the somewhat base, and certainly frivolous, habit of mind which demands satisfaction in its rage for novelties of gossip, and for the stimulus of criminal details, yet the inculcation of a deeper sense of truthfulness ought not to be beyond her power. That church has done a mighty work which has taught her children that it is far better to die than lie.

Moving, lastly, to the broader field of direct religious teaching, and assuming, as a matter of course, the constant enforcement of the few great essential eternal truths which lie at the very heart of Christianity, it seems to me that three elements are essential to insure the triumph of the church over the opposing forces of agnosticism and infidelity. Perhaps no answer has been given to my inquiries with firmer emphasis than this—that it is the special work of the church, in these days, to teach a true and an intelligent, as opposed to a delusive and obsolete, view of religion. True religion, like true liberty, demands an eternal vigilance on the part of its defenders. We cannot withstand the skilled arms of modern antagonism with the bows and arrows of mediæval warfare, nor will the mud ramparts which alone were possible in darker ages hold out against the tremendous artillery of scientific skepticism. I hold that no defense of religion is possible which does not co-ordinate its doctrines with truths taught us by God's other revelations in science and in history. No one can be a champion of belief who does not keep abreast of the times. If the church chooses to stand or to fall by the doctrines and commandments of men which she has sometimes held to be infallible; if she clings with inflexible obstinacy to sacerdotal and sacramentarian theories which are only permissible or possible as individual opinions; if she attaches as much importance to apostolic succession as to spiritual consecration; if she determines to abide by exploded systems of exegesis, whether borrowed from the rabbis, the Alexandrians, or the fathers, her days are numbered, and her institutions will be trampled down by the hurrying feet of advancing generations.

The three elements which are essential to the teaching of a strong, living church are Tolerance, Freedom, and Progress.

There must be tolerance. It must be recognized, even by those bodies which are tempted to be most exclusive, that, though there

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is but one flock, there are, and to the end of time there will be, and are meant to be, many folds. Until the various religious bodies are content to work together side by side in mutual respect and amity; until they are ready to sink the discussion of mind and exacerbating differences and to combine on the bases of things needful; until they respect and refrain from invading each other's separate spheres of work; until they substitute the spirit of large Christian charity for that of ecclesiastical opinion-worship, so long they will be weak. Infidelity and immorality will never prevail against the unity of differing bodies of Christians; but they can safely despise the arrogant self-sufficiency which reigns in "the subdichotomies of petty schisms."

There must be freedom. It is the aim of all the ambitious ecclesiastical tyrannies, whether of new presbyter or old priest, to load the minds of men with secular chains: it is the essence of true religion to make men free. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

There must, lastly, be progress. Churches have been very slow to learn this lesson. They have fought to the last for exploded doctrines and antiquated traditions. They have often resisted to the last the advancing knowledge of mankind. They have become revolutionary and convulsive in the effort to keep things fixed when the world is moving forward, and they have tried to preserve when it was their duty to improve. They have kept their earthen vessels closed so that the swelling tide of human progress did but shatter them upon the shore, or, at the best, roll them hither and thither with their "stagnant doctrines rotting in a dead theology." But

> "The old order changeth, giving place to new,
> And God fulfills himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

The churches of America ought, more than any others, to be free from this curse of obstinate stagnation. They ought to recognize, with Coleridge, that doctrines which are vehemently denounced as errors may after all be "the refractions of some great truth still below the horizon;" for the prophetic voice of John Robinson, in his farewell to the Pilgrim Fathers, just before they set sail from the shores of Europe, uttered the memorable words, "I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for



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us; yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin has penetrated into the whole counsel of God."

And the various churches of America, amid yet higher sources of inspiration, may lift their eyes to a galaxy of great examples. They can cherish the memory of Bishop Berkeley, to whom even the cynical poet attributed "every virtue under heaven," and of Wesley and Whitfield, who flashed into this continent also the electric thrill of moral renovation. They can look to Cutler and to Johnson of Yale College, of whom the latter was the first to introduce into America the Copernican teaching; to the indomitable faith and energy of Bishop Seabury; to the large insight and statesmanship of Bishop White, the bosom friend of George Washington; to the firmness of Roger Williams, and the sweetness of William Penn; to the absolute self-devotion of David Brainerd; to John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, with the splendid achievement of his prodigious toil in the Indian Bible; to the powerful if Cimmerian theology of Jonathan Edwards; to the resolute thoroughness of Dr. Robinson; to John Cotton; to the Mathers; to Dr. Hodge; to William Ellery Channing, that brave Abolitionist, who, as Coleridge said, showed the true spirit of a philosopher in that he had alike the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love; to Belknap and Buckminster and Parker with his trumpet voice. They can look up to these examples in carrying out their task of guiding along the path of moral and spiritual progress "a mighty and swiftly increasing nation, which has to work out, through the stamina, the public spirit, and the watchfulness of its individual citizens, not only its own salvation, but one may almost say the salvation of the human race itself." These great examples stand out on the fine background of American history. "Glorious New England," exclaimed Sargent Prentiss, "on thy green fields rest, like morning dews, the recollections of our early years; round thy guardian summits gather the mighty memories of the Revolution; while far away on the horizon of thy past, like thine own northern lights, gleam the awful virtues of our Pilgrim Sires." There will ever be some developments of national tendency which, if left unchecked, will carry men far away from those awful virtues, yet those virtues, undoubtedly, made America what she is. It was because of those virtues that the feet of a few outcasts made of Plymouth Rock the corner-stone of a mighty empire. It was by the light of those

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virtues that Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence. It was the memory of those virtues which molded the life of him who

*"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."*

Those virtues gave to James Otis and to Patrick Henry the prophet's tongue of flame. They nerved the arm of Washington in battle, and kindled the embattled farmers to fire the shot heard round the world. They kindled the eloquence of Phillips and the song of Longfellow. They gave to Abraham Lincoln the faith at whose bidding a hundred thousand men sprang to their feet as one—the faith which brightened the six and thirty stars round the forehead of Liberty, and flung the broken fetters of the last slave beneath her feet. If the church keep the people in their allegiance to those awful virtues, America shall still be the enlightener of the nations, the beautiful pioneer in the vanguard of the progress of the world. But if she spread a table to Fortune or enshrine Mammon above her altars—if her commerce become dishonest, and her Press debased, and her society frivolous, and her religion a mere twilight of willful and self-induced delusion—she in her turn shall fall like Lucifer, son of the morning, and the double oceans which sweep her illimitable shores shall only plash to future empires a more sad, a more desolate, and a more unending dirge.

F. W. Farrar.

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# CANADIAN PROSPECTS AND POLITICS.

## I.

THERE is a depression in trade which exists at the present hour all the world over in a greater or less degree. The mysterious cycle which gives us periods of "good" or "bad years" occurs at no fixed time, and yet with certainty, and, with the same certainty, theories are started to account for the phenomenon. Some economic scientists are, during such times, always to be found declaring that "overproduction" has done the mischief, while others say that this is a mere phrase belonging to a false idea. The fact remains, that every few years the appetite for the consumption of goods decreases, and the consequent world-wide fasting is not conducive to thankfulness and happiness. One nation is inclined to believe another to be the cause of evil. If one abides by a belief that a gold standard is alone serviceable, its neighbor demands bimetallism, or a double standard. Meantime, that which strikes the ignorant observer as the most curious of the phenomena attending the shrinkage of commerce, is the vast amount of money lying idle, the fullness of the banks, the hesitation as to the safe or remunerative investment of the gold lying in the overflowing coffers, also the universality of the "depression." It is not like an atmospheric "cold snap" or "heated term," exhibiting intensity only in certain localities; but wherever modern civilization shows its exchanges, its constantly recorded levels of barter, its systematized net-work of money movement, the loss is manifest. The Western farmer finds less demand for his grain, the railway company finds its shares unsalable, the lumberer complains there is no demand for timber, and the European owner of land finds that his tenants cannot pay the rents, which have hitherto given him a certain income. It is the same, whether land be owned in England, France, Germany, or Austria. From

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25 to 50 per cent. has to be deducted from the expectation of value. "The railways have made the difference," say some; "our wood is no longer salable, for coal comes in so cheaply;" "it is the quantity of food that comes from America and Australia," say others. No laws make any difference. If protection be tried, the same thing happens under its influence. The French peasant, with all his earth hunger, and economic restriction of the number of his family, in order to save his property, finds the game is up, and goes to the town to see if the pavement there may not, after all, be made of gold. So cities grow fuller and fuller, and discontent grows, until some new nostrum is tried, and some new girt is lifted into place, only to find that it also has no power to prevent "bad times," or to cause "good times," which seems to be as much above human calculation as is the waxing or the waning of the stars of the heavens. Free-trade England groans in unison with her Protectionist neighbors and children. It is only in those lands where the number of the people is sparse as compared with the life of the country that buoyancy and hopefulness are never extinct. Where there are fresh natural resources waiting to be opened up, and plenty of new hands willing to explore them, trade depression cannot be so seriously felt. Wants are comparatively fewer. There is less machinery required, so to speak, and there is less steam required for driving it. This is especially the case in the Pacific coast Territories and Western States of America, and in the vast areas under the rule of the Australian colonies, and those subject to the government of the Dominion of Canada. They also feel the pressure, but in a less degree; and one good to be derived from the evil days is the inclination manifested to make arrangements with their neighbors, which shall be of mutual benefit in encouraging a revival of a free and profitable traffic. If it were not for such periods of pressure, it is doubtful if they would care for much freer intercourse, their own lands giving them so much scope and space and opportunity, that they would be apt to become entirely self-absorbed, and be happy and prosperous even though in forgetfulness of the outer world, and by that world forgotten! But even such vast and fortunate countries must have neighbors, though a sea divide them from the nearest lands under another flag; the sea itself is now not so formidable a barrier as is a range of mountains or an inland tract of desert. And with the neigh-

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bors, whoever they may be, whether separated by an imaginary boundary line or by the great waters, there must be communication and some mutual dependence; for the population nearest to the neighbor, or the sea, finds it advantageous to have dealings with the people in front of them, as well as with their own fellow-citizens behind them. Thus, all the gulf States are interested in Mexican and South American commerce, the New England people and those of Minnesota and Dakota, as well as of New York, are interested in trade with Canada, and the Pacific slope with Australian and Asian trade. Improved communication is fast making the globe a small place, and is linking all the nations closer and closer. It is not many years since the popular idea of Canada, both in America and in England, was that it was a region of no depth, great length, and of picturesque coloring, but of little practical interest. It was known that there were wandering redskins in the middle of that strip of country, also that there were "blue noses" at one extremity, and at the other Chinese, or "yellow bellies." This, with a background of pine wood, snow-fields, Esquimaux, and a Polar bear or two, formed a picture that quite satisfied the popular curiosity. "Where did you learn to speak English so well?" asked an Englishman lately of an Australian; and not long since it would have puzzled many a Londoner to answer what language, or languages, a Canadian could speak. Old English and French works represent Canadian events as taking place in a country covered with palms, and the remark of a Parisian, on seeing a moose-head fixed at Paris over the Canadian Exhibition, "*Tiens, c'est un Canadien!*" is well known. At the present day both American and British think it worth their while to be well-informed about your northern neighbors, but few have taken the trouble to see for themselves their best provinces. Consul Taylor, of Winnipeg, has kept the government and public well informed of his own views as to the value of the Northern prairie country, and late events, culminating in the Half-Breed and Indian rising under Riel, have directed attention to the old realm of the fur-traders. The insurrection, small as it was, revealed the fact that in a very short space of time volunteers from all the provinces could be sent at an inclement season to fight shoulder to shoulder, in defense of federal law, and under orders issued by the national government. The French Canadian and his English-speaking brothers were of one mind on that sub-

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ject, and were equally ready to shed their blood in the same cause. It did not matter whether the rising was to be swelled by all the redskins of the North, or by all the sympathizers with rebellion to be found in the far West and border-lands; the thing must be put down, and the supreme law of the Federal government asserted. As it happened, only four or five thousand men were required, but treble that number would have gone, and gone readily in a few more days, if they had been called for. There may have been sympathy for the Half-Breed and Indian grievances, or want of understanding of their condition, from which those assumed grievances arose, but there was no lack of knowledge of the salient fact that Rebellion must be suppressed. In a country where all items of expenditure are jealously discussed, and where a standing army has been considered unnecessary, there has been laid the foundation of an excellent military system, on which both Liberal and Conservative governments have worked. The little war on the Saskatchewan showed how necessary it is to have a small force which may be quickly directed to any point of danger. The Mounted Police of the Prairies, already a fine regiment of cavalry inured to hard work, has been largely increased, and an infantry school is to be instituted at Winnipeg. In former years, such schools, each having a strong company of foot soldiers, had been stationed in New Brunswick, Montreal, and at Toronto. At Quebec and Kingston artillery batteries had already partially served the purpose of imparting distinction to the militia, and new officers and non-commissioned officers alike are to have passed the mill of these schools, while for permanent service first-rate men are turned out by the West Point of Canada, namely, by the military college situated at Kingston. On the Pacific coast, also, a beginning has been made, and the country sees with pride the proof lately given of what her children can do, and knows that not only are they ready for work, but are also ready to train themselves so that the work shall be well done.

Such self-confidence is in itself a mainspring of national sentiment, a feeling which has been growing in Canada during the last eighteen years. When a people settle down to make themselves defensively strong, and recognize the fact that military duty is not a question of fuss and feathers, but of sacrifice and of training for what may at any moment bring serious suffering, that people mean business in keeping themselves a live polit-

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ical unity. Canada has proved herself already to be no confederation of factions, but a solid, well-linked chain, from which no link can sunder itself without breaking the strength of all. Her provinces mean to march and swing together for good, come what may, and it would be the shallowest judgment which could take the words of a few selfish men, anxious to lengthen their purses by the ruin of a rising nation, as anything but an exception to prove the rule which has made the Northern Union ambitious and "national" in the truest sense. When confined to the old Eastern provinces there may have been some misgiving, even among the most patriotic, as to the vitality of the Union, but with the opening up to settlement of the new country in the North-west any such misgiving vanished. The discovery that there was more soil to be profitably worked, in the stretch of 800 miles between "the Rockies" and the Red River of the North, than existed in all the original thirteen Colonies, with old Canada thrown in, practically solved the problem as to whether the Dominion would live. Men doubted long that matters were as hopeful as they were represented to be. The accounts of the fur-traders, whose eyes had been more to the skins of beasts than to the earth's skin, were unfavorable, partly because they did not wish to have their fur-bearing animals driven off, and partly because they never realized that farming could be successfully carried on where communication was kept up by dog sleighs in winter and by canoes in summer. The steamers on the rivers and the railways crossing the great plains made their calculations fail. It is now certain that nothing can beat the Manitoba soil for grain, and that a large portion of Assiniboin is excellent. This is the province immediately to the west, and further in along the frontier line is Alberta, whose ranching has proved a success. In the Saskatchewan province, again, farming has been proved to be capable of being pursued with profit, although such profit can only be gauged when the railway arrives. The same may be said of the furthest division of the Northern Territory, the District of Athabasca. The coal along the whole space near the mountains is excellent, so that the possession of cheap fuel is only a question of time. The settler must, in the mean time, confine himself to lands near clumps of poplar, or be within reach of the railroad. It is curious how complete has been the success of the vast majority of the new possessors of these virgin lands. They have come, too,

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from all parts and from all classes. Many Americans have entered. There are many Englishmen drawn from the educated classes, and I have myself directed gentlemen, having only small incomes, to lands which have assured them competence, sport, health, and happiness. The Scottish crofter and cotter has been most successful wherever he has been helped with a little money for the start, and even the East Londoner, who never knew the knife from the handle of a plow, has by no means failed, although his good fortune must be difficult of attainment. Disbelief and doubt have gone. The capitalists who first viewed the country in connection with proposed railway enterprises went there full of doubt and came back full of enthusiasm. Disappointing as was the bad effect of the first "boom," the country has steadily improved, and homesteads by the thousand will again rise in 1886 over an ever-increasing area of cultivated land. Emigrants will know from the late display of vigor made by the government that they are safe, and will value the advantages of efficient military protection, and of the handling of the police, which proves that disaffection and insurrection meet with a doom both just and prompt. Severity of law may be too great in a highly civilized community, but in a country attracting a new population such severity is one of the first necessities of effectual settlement. Canada has a pure and excellent judiciary, and she knows how to carry out the law so that vigilance committees and amateur police are unnecessary. The Indians, who have been so quiet with the exception of a few bands influenced by the unscrupulous among the disaffected Half-Breeds, will continue to acknowledge the generosity and honesty of the treatment given to them by the government of the Great Mother. All this in regard to the value of our prairie country the world has now fully seen and acknowledged, and it has made Canadians look the future in the face with a calm mind. They know that theirs is a country worth living for and worth dying for.

I remember, in 1878, Prince Bismarck asked me if the attraction of the United States was as strong for Canada as it used to be. It is not unnatural that this should be the impression made in the minds of the older generation of statesmen. The London "Times" has the same opinion now. One of that paper's most influential editors once visited America, coasted the whole frontier, sat down in his hotel at Niagara, opposite Canadian ground,

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went on to St. Paul, and sturdily refused ever to set foot on the soil of the Dominion. And why? Because he thought Canada a country in a false position, trying to belong to somebody who did not want her, and necessarily a failure as a self-governing community. These opinions are held by very few in England now, although they are still heard when some inveterate free-trader insists that all who do not worship Cobden out of England are morally and politically mere outcasts and heretics, fit only for the slow-burning fire of ruin. "The leading journal," as the "Times" is called, still partly sticks to its old ideas. The leading articles have changed in tone, but no correspondent is detailed to give in large type the information lavishly spread throughout the newspaper columns on the affairs of Australia. The "houghing" of a cow's hind leg by an agrarian Irish ruffian is given a more prominent place in the columns of this paper than are the weighty questions of provincial *versus* federal law, or the discussion on free education, the liquor laws, tenures of property, or maritime rights, which are of real importance, and have an interest bearing on similar questions in England. This apathy, still to be observed in old-fashioned circles of politics or journalistic literature, is the outcome of the belief indicated in Prince Bismarck's question.

It is not so very long ago that many of the men now prominent in Canadian political life put their hand and seal to a document, drawn up at Montreal, which recited the reasons for the annexation of Canada to the American Union, and yet, in the comparatively short life-time that has passed, what a change! An annexationist now, if not regarded as a "crank," is hardly regarded as either a sound politician or as possessing half the spirit of a man. Extraordinary as the progress is which has been made in cohesion, there is, of course, "tall talking" on the part of the dissatisfied, and I have often wished that the glorious example of the American press were more followed in allowing nothing unpatriotic to slip into the newspaper columns. The patriotism on the Southern side is perhaps carried a little too far—or at all events I may be excused for thinking so—when, as often happens, any very favorable account of their Northern neighbors' progress is carefully omitted, although a governor-general's speech, delivered on the very borders so that it might be well heard across the boundary line, may have carefully emphasized the "extraneous" matter! Any jarring notes to the political harmony

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will oftenest be heard from the coast, where many do not like the high tariff, just as American dissatisfaction with such fiscal arrangements is oftenest heard from the Western States. It is in regard to a maritime question affecting these provinces that the "Reciprocity Question," or the renewal of some treaty like that of 1854 between Canada and America, is of most importance. This is the matter of the fisheries along the shores of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick. Unless some arrangement be made, local collisions between the fishermen are inevitable, and with these come heart-burnings and little troubles, which, if not rising into importance, are often annoying and troublesome. The great fish "schools" have of late left the northern shores, and are found farther south. But it is a well-known fact in natural history that such desertions of coasts long frequented by the fish are temporary, and that at any moment the fish may reappear in numbers greater than ever. This has been proved to be the habit of mackerel and herring, so that although our good friends of Gloucester, in Massachusetts, may at the present moment think the fishing-grounds of less value than of old, it is certain that any movement of the fish northward to their old haunts would cause trouble, unless some sensible arrangement be made for the common use of the extensive fisheries. The French knew well the value of the Newfoundland banks, and it is idle to assert that they are ever useless. The harvest of the sea is sometimes great, and sometimes of less amount, but valuable and profitable it always is. There is much reason to believe that the local habits of the fish differ just as the time of the entrance of salmon differs in various rivers, and a joint commission, composed of Canadian and American practical scientists, if sent round the shores to make inquiry and draw up a report, would probably result in an agreement as to the main points. Information of interest would in any case be gained by such an inquiry, even if it resulted in no legislative action. There is no part of the international ground which a treaty might cover that is so much in need of agreement, for unwarranted intrusions are certain as soon as temptation takes the fishermen toward the proscribed water boundary, and it is only between the fishermen that quarrels may develop into unpleasant circumstances of which the governments of the respective countries need take heed. Americans understand so well from their own experience and the teaching

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of their scientists the necessity of protecting the fisheries, if they are to remain of value, that they are certain not to be blind to the advantage of mutual trade, under international regulation, in the northern seas. In other respects waiting need bring no evil, for British imports flow in with regularity into Canada in spite of the depression of trade. Britannic exports to foreign countries have during the bad times fallen off, as it is estimated, to the amount of 13 or 14 per cent., while to her own colonies her exports have only declined by about 3 per cent. Each hour and day during which no arrangement is arrived at in regard to reciprocity gives the British tradesman an advantage as compared with the American. In the view of imperial federation this is no evil, and delay but decides the opinion even of the most purse-greedy, to the effect that the commerce between the mother and daughter is what really pays, and that there is nothing like sticking to the old lines. Each bale of goods taken by Canada from the old country enforces the preaching of those who in English public life speak up for the colonies and tell the British that nothing pays so well as an Anglo-Saxon colony—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and the best all-round customer for their English manufactures. Canada can get on well enough without reciprocity. She would like to have it, but her imperial trade is so good that she is nearly independent of others. To be sure, the recollection of the old days of reciprocity do not disincline her to their renewal. But there are valuable properties she can call her own now which she at that time hardly possessed, and she can at the present day easily afford to wait until these are demanded and her terms are acceded to. She waited before, and when the treaty was concluded the progress made was marked. In 1853 the trade amounted to $20,000,000, as recently given from correct data by the Toronto "Mail." In 1854 the treaty commenced to operate, and the volume of trade "leaped to $33,000,000. In 1855 it was $42,000,000; in 1857, $46,000,000; in 1859, $48,000,000; in 1863, $55,000,000; in 1864, $67,000,000; in 1865, $71,000,000, and in 1866—the year the treaty was abrogated —$84,000,000."

All this was satisfactory enough, and the volume of trade increases now along lines of latitude instead of along lines of longitude—that is, between the people who are politically united rather than across the international boundary. When men speak of that boundary they are apt to suppose that the customs line excludes

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everything; but it is notorious that it does not do so, and one can drive a coach and six through the acts of the assemblies of the two countries at many points, so that local inconvenience is much eased by smuggling, which is impossible to prevent, and is practically winked at by both governments. The whole question should be settled by neighbors rejoicing in so much common sense and real friendship. The feelings of the two countries are all that could be wished toward each other. If the American occasionally wonders that the Canadian does not cast in his lot with himself, the Southerner is some one who has not seen that even where the habitable country belonging to the Dominion is narrowest, it has a breadth greater than that of many famous European states. He has not taken into account the intense pride in a rising nationality and in the vast material resources that make that pride and hope a reasonable and moderate expectation, certain, unless by the hand of God, to be triumphant. Canada must be torn limb from limb before she will now give up her faith and recant. There is no instance in history of such a recantation. In the main she has the best wishes of her big brother. There is ample room for both, and one is as little likely to cause the other trouble as the independence of Belgium is likely to cause trouble to France. In another half-century Canada might if she chose stand as a nominally independent, as she is now a really independent, State. Whether she will wish to change her flag remains to be seen. To do so now would be to cut her own throat to breathe more freely. She has nothing but good from her connection with the ancient glory, modern greatness, and assured freedom of Britain. She is under no leading-strings, and can shape her destiny as she chooses. As yet she is loyal to the backbone to the great traditions and the wonderful fabric of the Empire. But she has in her the rising strength of a separate nationality which will probably prefer the alliance, as it has in the old days revered the scepter, of the British Sovereign.

LORNE.

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## II.

NATURE has made Canada an integral part of the American continent. With this arrangement geographically the politicians cannot interfere. With it politically and commercially, however,

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they do interfere, but in the end, politically and commercially, as geographically, nature will have her say. The forces of nature are all working in the direction of unity and homogeneity, and although the end may be postponed it cannot be averted. Canada will one day be to the United States what Scotland is to England, not by force of arms, for there is no land-hunger among our neighbors, but by gradual absorption, and because her few millions of people will see it to be more to their advantage, some years hence, to join their fortunes with seventy-five or a hundred millions, sprung from the same parent stock, than to hold themselves aloof for mere sentimental reasons and perish from commercial atrophy.

The idea of imperial federation is being cried up. But imperial federation is a dream. It has been repeatedly presented to the Canadian people, but although it may have a certain fascination for a few, to the great mass it is devoid of meaning. Between the various colonies of the British Empire there is no community of interest. They have nothing in common. Federation would not bring them a day's sail nearer the one to the other, nor create a single commercial necessity. The federation of Canada and New Zealand, for example, would have no more practical effect than the federation of a railway train and a balloon, nor would it create a feeling of attachment between the people of the two lands. However attractive the idea of colonists sitting in an imperial parliament and making laws for the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland might be to the colonists themselves, of such attractiveness to the people of the United Kingdom it would be wholly devoid; and the colonists would be given to understand that, however competent they might be to legislate for a colony, they were not competent to legislate for a kingdom, the laws of which the inhabitants prefer to make for themselves. Representation would involve taxation. The most enthusiastic imperial federationist has not yet avowed his willingness to contribute toward the cost of England's foreign wars. To what extent are the people of Canada affected by the delimitation of the Afghan boundary line, or the suppression of the rebellious tribes in the Soudan? What is Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba? Their interests all lie on this continent, and the people of Michigan, New York, and Maine, are more to them, commercially and socially, than the people of South Africa, New Zealand, or Australasia. It is more profitable, more convenient, and more satisfactory in every respect,

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to do business with neighbors next door than with strangers thousands of miles over the sea. In the direction of imperial federation Canada's destiny does not lie.

Yet sentiment cannot altogether be left out of consideration. It weighs. The people from the old land who have come to Canada are not prepared to subscribe to continental union. They are not even prepared to subscribe to independence, while the young Canadians look to something nobler than simply transferring their allegiance from one land to another. They look forward to setting up a nation of their own and becoming a great and united people. The result of the experiment of confederation, however, has not held out much encouragement for the success of independence. When these British North American provinces were confederated into the Dominion of Canada, the argument of the politicians was that it would weld the scattered parts together. This it has failed to do. An apparent union there may be, but of real union there is no more now than there was eighteen years ago, when the cabalistic words were uttered that were to make the contracting parties one. The union was not the result of internal desire but of external pressure, and there is scarcely a province that has not at some time since confederation threatened to withdraw. Independence might be the means of tying this many-jointed fishing-rod into a firm bundle, but at present the provinces are only a fishing-rod, with one end reaching to the Pacific and the other resting in the waters of the Atlantic. Only the other day one of the joints got sadly out of order, and it cost four millions of dollars and many valuable lives to fit it firmly into its place again. There are those among us who claim that the only effectual way to head off annexation is for the mother-country to give Canada her independence. But we may as well make up our minds that if confederation has proved to be the finger-post on the road to independence, independence would prove to be the finger-post on the road to continental union.

That Great Britain would readily consent to Canada becoming an independent nation is looked upon on all hands as a matter of course. Canada has but to ask for her independence and she will get it. When she gets it she will step out from under the maternal roof, followed by the maternal blessing, and reciprocating the maternal love. The Manchester school of politicians told us years ago that we could go when we were ready; but as yet we have not

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taken the hint. In the event of a conflict between Great Britain and Russia the old question as to whether the colonies are a source of weakness or of strength to the mother-land would be revived. The duty of protecting the colonies from attack would seriously hamper the mother-land, and it is doubtful if her wings would be broad enough to cover the flock. The unprotected sea-coast of Canada, for example, on the Atlantic as well as on the Pacific, is notorious. Canadians do not shut their eyes to the fact that were it not that their country is a colony of Great Britain they would never need to give a thought to their sea-coast. Russia would never attack Canada on its own account, but simply because it is a dependency of Great Britain. Dependence means danger. Separation would mean security.

One circumstance that strikes all who visit Canada is the steady growth of social and commercial relations between the two peoples lying to the north and south of an imaginary boundary line. Young men cross over to the adjoining States in search of employment quite as readily as they set out for Manitoba; intermarrying and giving in intermarriage goes on all the year round; there are in business in Canada thousands of mercantile Americans, with their roots in the soil; on the occasion of any public demonstration, such as the return of the volunteers from the North-west, the Stars and Stripes fly as freely and almost as frequently as the Union Jack; in the suppression of our late insurrection an American officer, in the uniform of his regiment, played a prominent part, and was saluted as freely by the volunteers as if he were one of their own officers; United States paper currency passes as readily in Canada as our own; our government concedes to American fishermen the right to fish in Canadian waters to the end of the fishing season, although the right itself expired by the abrogation of the fishery treaty on the first of July; the United States Government did a neighborly turn during our Indian trouble in holding the Indians in check along the Montana frontier, for which it was thanked by our Governor-General in his prorogation speech; and the experience of most travelers is, that were it not for the vexatious customs houses which line both shores it would be impossible to realize that they had crossed the threshold of a different land. The two peoples are of the same race; they speak the same language; they kneel at the same altars; they draw their laws from the same fount; they glory in the same grand old traditions; they

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were nursed in the same lap ; they live side by side—what more natural, then, than that they should be steadily drawing closer to each other as the years roll by ? Englishmen like Messrs. Gladstone and Bright never weary of sounding the praises of their kin beyond the sea and limning the splendid future of the American republic. In that future are the people of Canada to have no share ? As James Russell Lowell makes one of his characters say, "the Past is a good nurse, but we must be weaned from her sooner or later, even though, like Plotinus, we should run home from school to ask the breast after we are tolerably well-grown youths. It will not do for us to hide our faces in her lap whenever the strange Future holds out her arms and asks us to come to her." The opinions of our people may be divided into three classes. One class is in favor of union with the United States ; a larger class is in favor of maintaining the *status quo ;* a third class is in favor of independence. Independence will be the middle path upon which the rival sections will compromise. In the end continental union will come.

ALEX. F. PIRIE.

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## III.

I SCARCELY think that a discussion as to the advisability of the severance by agreement of the connection which now exists between the mother-country and Canada can lead to any practical result. A very large proportion of the people of Canada believe that their future prosperity depends upon the continuance of that connection, and that feeling is so strong that I think any attempt at a separation would lead to civil war.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.



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# THE IMAGINATION.

THE man of imagination—that is to say, of genius—having seen a leaf and a drop of water, can construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas. In his presence all the cataracts fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float.

To really know one fact is to know its kindred and its neighbors. Shakespeare looking at a coat of mail, instantly imagined the society, the conditions, that produced it, and what it produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the drawbridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly lover spurring over the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer, the trampled serf, and all the glory and the grief of feudal life.

The man of imagination has lived the life of all people, of all races. He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles; listened to the eager eloquence of the great orator, and sat upon the cliff, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood; was present when the great man drank hemlock and met the night of death tranquil as a star meets morning. He has followed the peripatetic philosophers, and has been puzzled by the sophists. He has watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He has lived by the slow Nile amid the vast and monstrous. He knows the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He has heard great Memnon's morning song—has lain him down with the embalmed and waiting dead and felt within their dust the expectation of another life mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay.

He has walked the ways of mighty Rome, has seen great Cæsar with his legions in the field, has stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men,

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followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthless war. He has heard the shout that shook the Coliseum's roofless walls when from the reeling gladiator's hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the stream of wasted life.

He has lived the life of savage men, has trod the forest's silent depths, and in the desperate game of life or death has matched his thought against the instinct of the beast.

He knows all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He has been victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king—has heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart have fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knows the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He has felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he has shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he has lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks, uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon.

He has sat beneath the bo tree's contemplative shade, rapt in Buddha's mighty thought, and he has dreamed all dreams that Light, the alchemist, hath wrought from dust and dew and stored within the slumbrous poppy's subtle blood.

He has knelt with awe and dread at every shrine, has offered every sacrifice and every prayer, has felt the consolation and the shuddering fear, has seen all devils, has mocked and worshiped all the gods—enjoyed all heavens and felt the pangs of every hell.

He has lived all lives, and through his blood and brain have crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, Mazeppa-like, has been lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The imagination hath a stage within the brain, whereon he sets all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players body forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of every life.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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# LANDLORDISM IN AMERICA.

In pursuance of the plan announced in the prospectus of the North American Review for 1886, a special commissioner was deputed to personally investigate the present condition of landlordism in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. His report is subjoined.—Editor.

## I.

No one can study the American land question and fail to have his imagination struck by the unexpected analogies that will appear between the agrarian concerns of the American Republic and those of ancient Rome. The Romans, too, had their public domain, of which they were exceedingly proud, with a free farm thereon (in theory) for every citizen; and so serene did this make them feel, that, until the agitation of Licinius Stolo, year of the City 378, they could not be got to seriously understand that there was such a thing as a Roman land question. Now, nothing can be more remarkable in the United States to-day—year of the Republic 109—than the Roman serenity of the people and government on all affairs relating to the land. Why should we bother ourselves about the land? they say, with an imperial gesture (exactly like the Romans in talking of their *ager publicus*), why should we be so silly as to anticipate trouble about the land in a country with a public domain like ours?

But Rome found the *ager publicus* all too helpless to stem the progress of agrarian disease once it had fairly set in. Let us be sure that America is not already in the first stages of the very disease that Rome died of. "*Latifundia*"—that is its name in economic pathology, land monopoly we may translate it—"*latifundia*," says Pliny, "killed Italy." Why should it not kill America too, if the remedies be not applied in time?

The fact is, America has refused to avail herself of one of the most vital of the advantages that she became heir to by virtue of

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her late entry into the family of nations. She has refused to benefit by the bitter experience of Europe in regard to the land question. From any of her elder sisters of the Old World she might have learned what a Pandora's box of evils an ill-favored land system is; she might have heard them bemoaning the day they ever allowed certain forms of tenure to grow into their soil, and envying America the measureless and virgin territory on which she could experiment with intelligent caution, having their mistakes before her eyes. Even since the founding of the Republic, revolutions and agrarian agitations in Europe have furnished her with many a violent and awful proof of the curses entailed on a country by improper dealing with its land. But America has paid no heed. Taken up with the phenomena of her marvelous growth and prosperity, secure in the vastness of her area and the noble freedom of her political institutions, she has indulged an unthinking optimism, which under the circumstances is hardly unnatural. [With more than one other troublesome social problem, she has left the land question to shift for itself. And the American land question appears to have been shifting for itself with a vengeance.]

## II.

It is hard to say which is the more surprising: the extent to which the system popularly known as landlordism has gained a footing on American soil, or the ignorance of the American people about the matter. The average American has a vague but rooted idea that the agriculture of his country is carried on by farmers who are the owners of the farms they till. With a great public domain, of which every man who chooses can possess himself of a hundred and sixty acres, he cannot conceive of any farmer tilling land that does not belong to him, and paying for the privilege of doing so into the bargain. If you ask him whether the landlord and tenant system prevails to any extent in American agriculture, he will promptly answer, "No; how could it?" and will proceed to explain why the thing is impossible. Far-fetched as this innocence will appear beside the facts, it is nevertheless so common as to be the rule; and the unclouded optimism of the American citizen is simply what is reflected in the land policy of the American nation. The immensity of her territory has blinded the Republic to the responsibilities that that very immensity

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entails. It has never seemed to occur to her that a day would come when there would be no public domain to give away; and the facts that it takes more to set up farming than the mere virgin soil, and that, as population increases, and as pre-emptible land recedes farther into the West, and as desirable land increases in price, it becomes more surely impossible for the man without means to establish himself as a land-owning farmer, seem never to have weighed with her law-makers. They have not paused to devise any national and systematic code of land laws; and they have made no more attempt to regulate the relation of landlord and tenant than if that relation had no existence. Content with rendering as simple and generous as possible the process of obtaining a proprietor's title to the land, and with some provisions to hinder an undesirable devisement of estates, they have left the various States' legislatures, if ever the emergency arose, to plan whatever land codes they wanted for themselves. The inevitable result has followed. Of course the emergency arose; of course the landlord and tenant system began to appear. As the settlement of the country proceeded, the land went up in value. The man of capital desired to invest in a rising stock. The landless poor man found it impossible to buy such high-priced acres; and the poor man already in possession found it difficult to maintain his hold with Ahab's eye upon his vineyard. It is the ordinary process in conditions where money is omnipotent. Owners of large estates in agricultural districts soon learned that the most profitable disposition they could make of them was to let them in farms to tenants. They let them to tenants; and then they called upon the States' legislatures, in which they held a controlling interest, to frame laws which would secure them against any loss. Probably the history of constitutional government does not furnish a more one-sided scheme of legislation than the landlord and tenant laws thus manufactured in the Western States. They are implements for extracting rent, as simple, terrible, and brutally candid in their design as a revolver in the hands of a peremptory road-agent. At any rate, they have resulted in fixing on the free soil of the United States a land system that belongs to the ages of barbarism. Its nearest surviving relative in Europe is the *métayage* of France; but it is more like the *zemeendaree* and *ryotwar* of Britishized India than any land system now in existence.

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III.

The census supplies an extraordinary illustration of the innocence—there is no other name for it—of the American people and government in this matter. The last Census Report, that of 1880, is the first to give any statistics as to agricultural tenures in the United States! Clearly the Census Commissioners, representing the average state of mind, did not suspect the existence of any land tenure in the United States but the one, pure, fee-simple proprietorship—at least to an extent that made it worth while investigating. So for sixty-five years, since the institution of the regular census, land tenures have been allowed to make what growth and pursue what vagaries they might, unrecorded by the official statisticians. What a commentary on this comfortable apathy is the state of things revealed by the first statistical inquiry!

At the Census of 1880, there were found to be 1,024,601 farms rented by tenants in the United States. That figure alone entitles America to take rank as possessing the largest tenant-farming class now furnished by any nation—a strange singularity for a nation, one of whose proudest boasts is that the old feudal institution of landlordism has obtained no foothold on her free soil! But to bring it nearer to the actual truth, that figure must be made bigger still. In the five years since the census was taken, it is a modest and well-considered calculation that the number of tenant-holdings has increased twenty-five per cent. This would raise the number of tenant-holdings at present in the United States to a million and a quarter. In Great Britain and Ireland, the countries that have clung most tenaciously to the aristocratic system, the number of tenant-holdings, according to statistics obtained during the late Parliament, is as follows: in Ireland, 547,222; in England and Wales, 414,804; in Scotland, 80,101—total, 1,069,127. Thus the United States, at the present day, possesses a quarter of a million more tenant-farmers paying rent to landlords than the Three Kingdoms and the Principality together. It contains more than three times as many as England and Wales; and more than twice as many as landlord-ridden Ireland. In the State of Illinois alone, which is neither an old Eastern nor a Southern State, there are, with a less population, nearly twenty thousand more tenant-farmers than there are in the ancient feudal kingdom of Scotland. By the time the next census is taken,

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the probability is the number of tenant-farmers in the United States, increasing in pace with the population, will be up to a million and a half. And from that onward, for reasons which will appear, the ratio of increase in tenancies will be greater than ever.

Going a little further into the figures of the census, we find that the total number of persons engaged in agriculture in the United States five years ago was 7,670,493. Of this number, 2,984,306 are registered as nominal owners of their holdings, the remainder being tenants paying rent to landlords and agricultural laborers. Thus, at the first flash, the census shows the popular notion that the agricultural classes of the United States own the soil they till to be incorrect. In France, on the other hand, where the feudal system is not yet eradicated,* out of a population twelve millions less than that of the United States, there are in round numbers 5,000,000 rural proprietors, each holding less than twenty acres (from one to six hectares apiece), and cultivating the land with their own hands; while there are 2,000,000 of a class comprising owners of holdings larger than twenty acres, landlords, and owners of house property in towns.† It is a suggestive fact—to go no deeper than the surface of these figures—that France, with her expensive and restricted soil, has been able to place more than five million thrifty agriculturists in absolute proprietorship of their small holdings, while America, on her boundless virgin area, unhampered by title-deeds or traditions of past proprietorial rights, with her ever-growing population hungry for land, has been unable to establish quite three millions of proprietors, counting both great and small. And it is to be noted that the ratio of working proprietors of land in France is steadily increasing, and that of the tenants and landlords is steadily diminishing, while the reverse is true of the United States.

But the figure given in the American Census Report is too comprehensive. To get at the number of genuine rural proprietors, or working farmers who own the lands they till, in the United States, the estimate of the census must be considerably reduced. The 2,984,306 farms given as owned by their cultivators include farms of all sizes, from three acres up to a thousand acres "and

* There are still upwards of a million *métayers* in France.

† In the absence of the latest official statistics of French agriculture, these figures are taken from M. Léonce de Lavergne's great work, "*Economie Rurale de la France*," which is generally allowed to be even a more accurate authority.

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over." Can the owner of a farm of "1,000 acres and over," or, for that matter, of "500 acres and under 1,000 acres," be called a working cultivator, or (to use a word of undemocratic extraction, but which expresses more nearly than any other the general idea in the minds of Americans as to the class of men by whom they suppose the agricultural regions of their country are being occupied) can such a man be called a peasant proprietor? A thousand-acre holding is a considerable ranch, and its owner must be a capitalist of some kind, a stock raiser, or a "bonanza" farmer. If a "bonanza" farmer, since farming on that system has proved a failure, he has probably by this time broken up his ranch into tenant-farms of eighty acres and become a landlord. Nor does the census say at how much "over" a thousand acres it places the limit of size in its calculation, nor whether it includes as stock farms of "1,000 acres and over" the great ranges of the cattle barons. The likelihood is it does include these.

Again, the census does not specify how many of its 2,984,306 proprietors possess a clear title to their holdings. It is certain that this figure would sustain an enormous reduction if this specification were made or the number of genuine proprietors only returned. The inquirer is amazed at the extent to which farmers, nominally owners of their holdings, really hold the land under mortgage, and at the extent to which small farmers, in the westerly States and Territories especially, are plunged in debt. It is a very rare thing in the newer States to come across a farmer who has not a mortgage or a bill of some kind falling due on his land—if he be an "owner"—or on his crops or his stock or his machinery. Every other "owner" you meet, both West and East, is struggling to pay the interest on his mortgage, and seldom seems hopeful of lessening the principal. The grip of the money-lender is fast on the American farmer. His gilt legend, "Loans," strikes the eye with too significant frequency in every Western town. Who own these wasting farms, that you noticed during your day's ride, with their bleak frame shanties through whose unglazed windows the prairie wind sings? Ask the land agent, who is almost invariably the person that transacts loans and who unrolls before you a list of "improved" farms, in which he recommends you to invest rather than in the virgin soil. *He* owns them. What have become of their former proprietors? "Oh, various things; they were a shiftless lot for the most part; some went back East again and became tenant-

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farmers; others moved farther west and pre-empted new land; some quit the country in the middle of the night when an interest was coming due—ran away from their honest debts, the rascals!" Others—but of these he omits to tell you—signed an agreement in his office, the same day they filed their pre-emption entry, to hand over to him for a sum of money the title to their homestead as soon as it was perfected according to the statute; it is one of the many ways of defrauding the nation of its public domain and throwing "improved" farms upon the market. In towns like Kansas City, Omaha, Sioux City, and St. Paul—and even in towns no bigger than Worthington, Minnesota—there are publications specially devoted to advertising "improved" farms for sale. I am convinced that had the Census Commissioners thoroughly discriminated, the number of small farmers in the United States genuinely owning their holdings would have been found to be something more painfully slender than even the 2,984,306 given in the report.*

IV.

If the public domain were really what it was forty years ago, or what it is in the eyes of most Americans still, an apparently illimitable area of glorious soil, its proportion would at once be dwarfed in the eyes of thoughtful people when they beheld the stupendous rate at which it was being squandered. When the historian comes to render his account of the disposition of the public land of the United States, it will be a record unparalleled in the history of the world. Uncle Sam will have whipped creation in that matter anyway! We are all more or less vaguely familiar with the story of the railroad grants, by means of which empires of the public land have been fraudulently seized by irresponsible corporations. Occasionally some speaker or writer asks attention for these things, but the public barely listens, and shrugs its

* This conclusion is in accord with that of two prominent American writers on the land question, Mr. Henry George and Mr. W. Godwin Moody. The latter, in his "Land and Labor in the United States," page 85, says: "Could the facts be definitely ascertained, I have not the least doubt that they would show that at least fifty per cent. of the small farm ownerships in the older States are merely nominal;—that that number at least of the small farmers in those States are so deeply in debt, so covered by mortgages, that their supreme effort is to pay the constantly accruing interest that a roof may be kept over the heads of the family—an effort that can have but the one ending. In the newer States is found a similar condition of things."

Indeed, there is no room for a difference of opinion on the point. The evidences stare the observer in the face.

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shoulders. The other day the legislature of Texas, when it wanted to build a capitol, instead of making a bargain with an architect and contractor in the ordinary way, called in a company to save it the worry, and asked it to take over the whole job in return for a grant of three million acres of land! Such grotesque wantonness the American public witnesses with a helpless smile and the reflection that "there's more where that came from." But these are comparatively open transactions. No one can travel in the border States, where there yet remains some public land to be disposed of, and inquire among the land-offices there, without feeling that by paltry and occult methods the United States is being defrauded of nearly as much of its domain as by the depredations of railroad corporations and the extravagance of Texan legislators. In Dakota and Minnesota I have seen men farming land and paying half the crop as rent to quasi-landlords who actually had no title whatever to the holdings. They had filed timber culture entries, by which, on payment of a fee of $14 and signing an agreement to plant ten acres of trees within four years' time, they were allowed to use one hundred and sixty acres of prairie land, to which their title would be perfected when the agreement was fulfilled. The entryman, under the timber culture act, is not compelled to plant any trees until the third year from date of entry, when if he likes he may file a relinquishment of his claim, and the land is again open for entry.* Thus a man without the faintest intention of planting a tree, or doing a stroke of work, can get possession of one hundred and sixty acres of land, let it to a tenant, and pocket a heavy rental—half the fruits of another's toil—for three years! The most astonishing thing about this is that such a man can find a tenant. Others file timber culture entries solely with a view to holding the land out of market until the growth of the community around it puts up its value. At the end of the third year the entryman will agree with another for a sum of money to make a written relinquishment so that the other may file a new entry on the spot. The second speculator will repeat the process, only charging a heavier consideration to the next entryman when the time comes for his relinquishment. So the process goes on, without a tree being planted on the land, and the honest settler is kept hopelessly out of it. This sort of thing is carried on by wholesale; and on a larger scale still are frauds perpetrated under the desert and timber land acts, which enable capitalists in combi-

* Act of May 14, 1880, Section I.

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nation, by means of dummy entrymen, to appropriate miles of territory. The dummy entryman is also used by capitalists on an immense scale under the homestead and pre-emption laws.

Meanwhile the settlement of the country proceeds at its own bewildering pace. America is still presenting to the world the phenomenon of a population that doubles itself in periods of twenty-five years. Emigration is pouring in from all quarters of Europe, and from over the Canadian border, at a rate never before surpassed. It is certain that at the next census the population will be found to have increased more since 1880 than even during the preceding decade. From figures issued by the Census Bureau the other day, it appears likely that some of the Western States and Territories will go near quadrupling their population. Dakota has grown almost twice as populous in the five years since 1880, and Nebraska has increased from 452,402 in 1880 to 740,000 in 1885.

If there were still untold millions of fertile acres of public domain to be given away, and if a stop were put to the gigantic frauds by which the domain is now being swallowed up, it would be a matter of grave moment to consider how this population is to be accommodated on the land, and how it should be protected in possession of the nation's gift.

But it is no longer a question of untold millions of acres of public domain. It is no longer a question for to-morrow, it is a question for to-day. The pressure has already come. For all practical purposes of bestowing free farms on its growing population, the public domain of the United States is now exhausted.

According to the Reports of the Land-Office, the diminution of the public domain, by all methods, fraudulent and lawful, under the homestead and pre-emption, the timber culture, the desert, and other land acts, is taking place at the rate of 20,000,000 acres a year. And according to the same Reports there are just 5,000,000 acres of the public domain still left of a character that makes them available for settlers without capital.

Said the Land Commission, Report of 1880 : "It was estimated, June 30, 1879, that (exclusive of certain lands in the Southern States) of lands over which the survey and disposition laws had been extended, lying in the West, the United States did not own, of arable agricultural public lands, which could be cultivated without irrigation or other artificial appliances, more than the area of the present State of Ohio, viz., 25,576,960 acres." Of this arable land about 7,000,000 acres were taken up in the year ending June,

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1880; and in the four years since then, so much more of it was absorbed that the 5,000,000 acres now declared to be remaining is a rather generous estimate.

The public domain outside of this includes only lands which are (1) totally unfit for agriculture, (2) lands which are only capable of being cultivated after great outlay of capital for irrigation or clearing, and which are open for pre-emption under the desert land act, (3) coal and mineral lands, (4) "lands likely to be segregated for private land grants still unsatisfied," (5) Indian and military reservations, and (6) the unsurveyed area of the Indian Territory, making in all something over 600,000,000 acres unavailable for homesteads.

The Government Land Commissioner in his latest Report sounds the note of alarm. He points out the rapid disappearance of the arable public land, and calls for the repeal of the timber culture, the pre-emption, and the timber and stone land laws. "The time has fully arrived," he declares, "when wastefulness in the disposal of public lands should cease;" "the time is near at hand when there will be no public land to invite settlement or afford citizens of the country an opportunity to secure cheap homes." *

The first palpable effect of the exhaustion of the public domain will be to put up the price of land. Last August I saw in Chicago land-offices, maps of whole counties of virgin prairie land which could not be bought for less than $15 an acre. And in States like Minnesota and Iowa, it was impossible to find land of any good quality at all offered for sale at less than $9 an acre. Even such a price as $10 and $15 an acre puts the land beyond the reach of the unmoneyed class of working farmers whom the nation is anxious to see thriftily settled on the public domain. One hundred and sixty acres at $10 would cost $1,600, and then—a fact which is strangely overlooked—even if a man gets a farm for nothing, he has to go to a large outlay before it begins to pay. He must buy expensive machinery (at the least a sulky-plow, a harrow, a seeder, a mower-and-reaper, and self-binder), a team of horses, a yoke of oxen, seeds, and he has to erect a house and barn, and purchase as much food for himself and family, and winter fodder for his stock, as will put him through

* Annual Report of the Commissioner of the General Land-Office for the year 1884.

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the year that he must wait before he cuts his first crop. Very few homesteaders have cash enough to procure all this without going into debt. The majority of them do go into debt, and, with the eternal mortgage upon their belongings, they begin farming under a disadvantage that but a remnant of them ever triumph over. Those who wish to avoid debt or to get out of it have to endure privations that the Eastern farmer has no conception of. Indeed, the only class of settlers that seem fully capable of facing this experience are the Scandinavians, who seem born to struggle with a stubborn soil and climate, and who burrow in the earth sooner than go in debt for frame shanties. But the land that was $10 an acre three months ago has been going up in price since, and will continue to go up by leaps and bounds. When there are no more far-distant patches of government land to be had by the hardy settler, he will have none but this high-priced land to choose from. How is he to possess himself of it? He simply cannot possess himself of it. Never again will such a man have the opportunity of winning by his toil and his courage a free home for himself in the United States. The land will have become the privilege of capital, and the hardy settler will have no alternative but to rent a farm and work it as a tenant, with no hope of coming nearer to being its owner after a lifetime of labor on it than he was the first day he broke its verdure with the plow. Thus from the day—now officially declared to be at hand—that the public domain is quite exhausted, the manufacture of a tenant-farming class will go on in the United States at an enormous rate. "We let most of our land in certain districts to tenants," said a Chicago land agent to me, "because by that means, with the rents we get, we are often able to turn the original price of the land twice over in three years. We have sixty thousand acres now let to tenants. But we don't keep it up; landlording needs supervision, and we do business on too extensive a scale to go in for it as a regular thing. It enables us to hold our land out of market until we get a fancy price for it. But many of the men we sell to keep on the tenants, only retaining one farm to work themselves. It pays better." In fact, even now—before the public domain is yet altogether a tradition—tenant-farmers are being manufactured in the Western States by wholesale. Settlers have no other resource, and men who own land find it a vastly better investment to let it to tenants than

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to work it themselves. They can get a preposterous rent—half the crop is a usual rent—and thus make a round income without working for it, having their time to devote to other pursuits or to idleness, while their principal, the land, is sustaining its great increment in value from the labor of the tenant and of the other tenants around who go to make the neighborhood a settled community. It is a fact that there cannot be a moment's doubt about—the tendency to landlordism in the United States is inevitable and immense. Even the owner of one hundred and sixty acres will, by and by, when land becomes still scarcer, find it more easy and enjoyable and far more profitable to break his lot up into small tenant-holdings, retaining only a few acres of kitchen garden for his private use. This conclusion, which is really palpable, can be submitted to a satisfactory statistical test. I have made up from the census, in groups, the distribution of the tenant-farmers over the various States:

| STATES AND TERRITORIES. | NUMBER OF TENANT-FARMS. | STATES AND TERRITORIES. | NUMBER OF TENANT-FARMS. |
|---|---|---|---|
| North Atlantic Group: | | Northern Central Group: | |
| Maine | 2,718 | Iowa | 44,174 |
| New Hampshire | 2,615 | Missouri | 58,892 |
| Vermont | 4,762 | Dakota | 678 |
| Massachusetts | 3,140 | Nebraska | 11,419 |
| Rhode Island | 1,236 | Kansas | 22,651 |
| Connecticut | 3,126 | | |
| New York | 39,872 | Southern Central Group: | |
| New Jersey | 8,438 | Kentucky | 44,027 |
| Pennsylvania | 45,322 | Tennessee | 57,196 |
| South Atlantic Group: | | Alaska | 63,649 |
| Delaware | 3,708 | Mississippi | 44,558 |
| Maryland | 12,537 | Louisiana | 17,006 |
| District of Columbia | 210 | Texas | 65,465 |
| Virginia | 34,896 | Arkansas | 29,188 |
| North Carolina | 52,722 | | |
| South Carolina | 47,219 | Western Group: | |
| Georgia | 62,175 | Montana | 80 |
| Florida | 7,240 | Wyoming | 13 |
| West Virginia | 12,001 | Colorado | 584 |
| | | New Mexico | 408 |
| Northern Central Group: | | Arizona | 101 |
| Ohio | 48,573 | Utah | 433 |
| Indiana | 46,050 | Nevada | 136 |
| Illinois | 80,244 | Idaho | 89 |
| Michigan | 15,411 | Washington | 471 |
| Wisconsin | 12,159 | Oregon | 2,286 |
| Minnesota | 8,453 | California | 7,124 |

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This table throws a remarkable light on the progress of American landlordism. What we look for first is neither a very old nor far Eastern or Southern State, nor a very new nor far Western State, but a State that in its growth has been subjected to the more or less modern conditions, and that has got beyond the transition stage, through which the newer States are now passing. Such a State will be found in the Northern Central Group, and it will be allowed without cavil that the most typical State of that group is Illinois. What do we find? That Illinois has gone deeper into the landlord and tenant system than any State of the entire Union! And if we look through the other States of the same group, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas, Missouri, and even a State so new and so far west as Iowa, we behold a state of things equally astonishing. In less than ten years' time, States like Minnesota and Nebraska—which already possess a substantial tenant class—will have as many tenants and landlords as any of the others.

Looking now in another direction, we see that, with the exception of New York and Pennsylvania, the older Eastern States have not gone in for tenant-farming to anything like the same extent as the settled mid-Western States; and this, of course, is because they were settled up at a time when good free land was in fact—not in fancy—both plentiful and handy. The old plantation States of the South may stand out of our argument, as it may be urged that they had no alternative after the war but to transform the slaves on the plantations into tenants.

## V.

A study of landlordism in some of the States where it most flourishes has revealed many remarkable things which cannot be referred to on this occasion. It may be remarked, however, that landlordism, in States like Illinois, is aleady taking on many of the features that distinguish it in the Old World. The crude nucleus of a landed aristocracy is being surely formed. In Springfield at present there dwell some two hundred landlords who live upon the rent-roll of properties in the middle of the State. Many of them were originally working farmers who, having the eye for land—what a French writer calls the *convoitise des champs*—managed to gradually patch together a considerable estate, and, having leased it to tenants, have come to the State capital to live at their ease.

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The children of many of them are now picking up the airs of the great world in Paris and London. One landlord, whose estate I visited, owns forty thousand acres in one county alone, and this is less than half of his entire property. From these forty thousand acres he derives a rental in cash of considerably more than $100,000 a year. He is not an American citizen, but an Irishman who has earned an unpleasant notoriety as a landlord in his own country. He lives in England, leaving his estates here to be managed by an agent, and contenting himself with a flying visit to this country once every four years or so. He does not even pay taxes to the country from which he draws his princely income. In his leases, one of which I possess, it is stipulated that the tenants shall pay yearly to the landlord "the full amount of all taxes or assessments, general or special, of every kind or nature whatsoever, made, levied or assessed upon or against" the land they hold from him. He must find a most enjoyable difference between landlording in Illinois and landlording in Ireland; for in Ireland the land law is now framed with some view to the protection of the tenant, and the tenant's representatives in Parliament have had some hand in the making of it; whereas the land law of Illinois is made altogether for the landlords and by the landlords, without a single one of its thirty odd clauses that can be construed as other than a device to secure that the tenant shall bleed to the full nomination of his bond.

## VI.

The soil of a country is like the blood: once it is badly vitiated it seems impossible ever to cleanse it, and the poison keeps constantly breaking out. It was thus with Rome, whose public domain, though continually increased by conquest, was helpless to protect the republic from the consequences of early improvidence. Periods of distress, agitations, struggles between rich and poor, land laws made under terror of the fire-brand in the hands of hunger, are the phenomena which, like ulcers on the human body, mark the progress of agrarian disease throughout the course of Roman history. No remedy could succeed in stemming it. Though every agrarian law had for its object to establish the poor on small holdings on the public domain, and to break up the illegal monopolies of the rich, yet Rome ever failed to establish her peasant proprietors or to shake off the grip that monopoly was



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once allowed to fasten on her vitals. The men of money evaded law after law, bought up officials, ruined the agitators, and the poor men worked their bonanza estates for them as tenants or as serfs, or came into the city to swell the vote-selling mobs of the purlieus. Feudalism, landlordism, usury, slavery, spread their humors over Rome's fair body. The ulcers became cancers, and the disease, so thoughtlessly admitted into the system, became the disease the patient died of in the end. "*Latifundia perdidere Italiam,*" wrote the historian with the scientific precision of a physician closing the entry of an interesting case.

Does America, that looks to no conquests to add to her domain, whose day for purchasing Louisianas and Alaskas is over, America that is inviting the overflow populations of the world to take possession of her territory, and is giving to every one the privilege of citizenship, that allows even aliens to possess her soil—does America hope that the law of cause and effect will suspend itself for her benefit, or that the consequences which followed the mistakes of Rome will not follow like mistakes when committed by a republic of the nineteenth century? She would seem indeed to be confident that a miracle will happen for her protection, to judge by the stupendous recklessness of her policy in regard to the land. She is squandering her public land at such a rate that it would be rash to name the hour beyond which there will be a square foot of it still left; and she has allowed to intrench themselves upon her soil systems and conditions of land tenure that have spread ruin and misery wherever they have been given a footing in the Old World. Rome, even in the days of the Gracchi, was at least able to fall back on the fact that she had given no individual a fee-simple title to more of the public domain than the five hundred jugera deemed sufficient for a homestead, and that all who held more than that held it illegally. America seems anxious only to bestow her soil as completely out of her hands as possible, and to leave the proprietors of her mammoth grants as irresponsible as absolute monarchs in the disposition of their possessions. Even now agriculture, the pride of America as it was of Rome, is seeing its aspects revolutionized, is seeing the small proprietor being transformed into the tenant-at-will, the independent small holding passing away and its place taken by the large estate—the *latifundium*—with its landlord, its agent, its rack-rents, its oppression, its misery, and its hopelessness. How far otherwise the parallel may be ex-

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tended between the two great republics of the world—and the Americans are no wiser, harder-headed, farther-seeing, or fonder of freedom and independence than were the fathers and citizens of early Rome—how nearly pointed on the course that Rome followed to her ruin, from democracy to plutocracy, from plutocracy to imperialism, is America to-day, it would be bootless here to conjecture. But there is a forecast one may make that is as practical as a meteorologist's storm-warning. It is that the day for an American Licinius has arrived who will reform the landlord and tenant tenures, remodel the homestead and pre-emption, the timber culture and desert laws under which so much fraud is perpetrated, and restrain the encroachments of monopoly upon the public domain. Let us hope, with an abiding faith in American human nature and law-craft, that the new laws will not be so framed that the men of money can evade them, and that the American Senator who takes the part of Licinius will not, like his cynical prototype, be their earliest violator. Let us hope that the evil may be checked in time before it take root and spread, and before it be left for some Tiberius Gracchus, in noble desperation, to shake the republic to its foundations, and fail of his object after all.

THOMAS P. GILL.

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POSTSCRIPT.—Since the foregoing article was written, the startling Report of the Commissioner of the General Land-Office for 1885 has appeared—a document that confirms some of the worst anticipations above expressed. Land Commissioner Sparks finds that "the magnificent estate of the nation, in its public lands, has been to a wide extent wasted under defective and improvident laws, and through a laxity of public administration astonishing in a business sense, if not culpable in recklessness of official responsibility." From the outset of his administration he was "confronted with overwhelming evidences that the public domain was being made the prey of unscrupulous speculation and the worst forms of land monopoly, through systematic frauds carried on and consummated under the public land laws." The Commissioner gives most interesting particulars of these "frauds," and recommends the immediate amendment of several of the existing land laws.

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# LUCRETIA BORGIA.

It is some years since a doubt was raised whether this famous character is not unjustly pilloried in the popular imagination—whether she could possibly have been guilty of the weight of crime and depravity attributed to her. The familiar conception of her is derived from Victor Hugo's tragedy, published in 1833, and from Donizetti's opera, the plot of which was borrowed from it. These works are generally supposed to be based upon some foundation of truth, and to present actual traits of character and stage situations approaching to historical events. But Victor Hugo details, in his preface, the method by which he elaborated his heroine. He placed the most hideous moral deformity where it should be most repulsive—in the heart of a young and beautiful woman; to make her crimes salient, he gives this woman power; to render such a figure interesting, he plants in her one pure sentiment, that of maternal love—and names this curious monster Lucretia Borgia.

A reaction has so far taken place as to stimulate an inquiry into the historical evidence upon which, alone, she should be judged. Her ablest defenders have so far rehabilitated her that it is now conceded that the accused is entitled to a new trial upon the testimony of contemporaneous writings.

The career of Lucretia Borgia divides itself into two periods, the first comprising her life in Rome until the age of twenty-two, the second her residence at Ferrara from 1503 until her death—each charged, during her lifetime, with one distinct offense. Her future biographer will find no difficulty in proving her innocent of murder. Upon this accusation the fictions I have cited are the only proof. Upon other charges there will be opportunity for a complete scrutiny of her life, when documents relative to the Borgias, existing in the Vatican library, among the unexamined manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are brought to light. No woman could have passed her early years in the inti-

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mate and familiar presence of such debauchery and crime as were habitual in Rome at the close of the fifteenth century—under the influence of evil example, with the temptations of irresponsible power, and the dangers that pursued extraordinary beauty—without sustaining injury to her character and a blemish upon her name.

Her relatives stand distinctly before us. Her father was Pope Alexander VI., a man of dissolute nature, to whom, when a cardinal at Siena, a suggestive letter of rebuke was addressed by Pope Pius II :

". . . Several ladies of Siena, habituated to frivolity, being together at the gardens of Jean de Bichis, your eminence, forgetful of your sacred office, shared with them in most licentious dances. The companions of the young women were excluded, and you alone instigated what followed, of which decency forbids me to speak."

Her mother was the Contadina peasant Vanozza Catanei ; her brother, the profligate Cesare Borgia. Her early education was received at the convent of San Sisto, where she acquired a tolerable facility in reading Latin, and a slight knowledge of Greek. Upon returning to Rome, at the age of twelve, she was instructed in French, in *belles-lettres*, in music, and in the dance. At the age of thirteen she was married to Giovanni Sforza, Count of Pesaro, who came to live with her at the Vatican.

Among her associates at this time were her sister-in-law, Sancia, a woman of corrupt life, Giulia Farnèse, who, with her husband's consent, became the mistress of Alexander after he had wearied of Vanozza. They all lived in an atmosphere of duplicity, of intrigue, of blood-shedding. The favorite entertainments at the Vatican were bacchanalian dances of courtesans, occasionally followed by the performance of what was called a *torneo d'amore*. The novelettes and comedies of the time turned upon the stolen sweets of seduction and adultery, and it was not unusual for a company to be entertained with a *conversazione galante* in the form of a scandalous narrative.

At the end of four years the ambitions of Alexander and Cesare had extended, and their projects for Lucretia had risen. The alliance and political standing of Giovanni Sforza being no longer equal to their aspirations, they disdainfully ordered him to leave Rome, and went through the form of a divorce based upon his alleged impotence. To this reproach he answered with a torrent

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of abuse of all the Borgias. He accused his wife of several lovers, of one illegitimate child, of participation in the *torneo d'amore*. If we accept his statement we must believe Lucretia guilty of habitual incest with her father and two brothers; we must conceive her under the guise of a young and beautiful girl, well educated, often in the society of men of letters, devout, given to benevolence, and, at the same time, guilty of a perversion from which the most brutal criminal would turn with disgust. Upon her divorce from Sforza commence the first rumors against her virtue. Satires and epigrams are written, all based upon the declaration of her husband, that she had given birth to an illegitimate child. But the journal of Burkhard—a minute registry kept at the time when Lucretia reigned at the Vatican, and mentioning the tragic events which transpired during her girlhood, and of which she was at times a witness—makes no allusion to her fault. Camillo Benimbene, confidential *habitué* at the Vatican, says nothing of it in his record. Only one foreign ambassador mentions it, and then as a rumor, not as a fact. Her husband, during four years of wedded life, breathes no reproach upon her. It is only when he is contemptuously dismissed, and his marriage annulled, that he bethinks himself of every infamy wherewith to accuse her. Had he said less he would have been more entitled to belief. And it is a noteworthy fact that Guido Posthumus, who knew Sforza intimately, and who, as his partisan, wrote diatribes against the Borgias, never makes any charge against Lucretia.

At the age of twenty she was married to a prince of the Neapolitan house of Aragon. Upon the downfall of his family, shortly after, he was assassinated by Cesare Borgia. Her letters give evidence of the horror with which the murder of her second husband filled her, and of her momentary repugnance for her brother; nevertheless, she was very willingly married, six months later, to Alfonso of Ferrara, whom she had never seen, and with whom she was united solely for political considerations. In this tragedy appears the defect of Lucretia's shallow nature. She loves her husband, she knows of his danger, she takes no means to protect him, and when he has been done to death she merely retires tearfully to Spolito to pout at its author, and presently passes, with astonishing levity, to preparations for the brilliant future which awaits her.

At Ferrara she found a court and populace predisposed against

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her as the daughter of Alexander and sister of the cut-throat Cesare; but the witchery of her presence charmed all hearts. She is described, at this time, as of rare beauty and winning grace. Of medium stature, having clear blue eyes, light auburn hair, quickly smiling lips—"her face," says Cagnolo da Parma, "is radiant with gayety and good humor." Three years after her arrival, a Venetian courtier, named Bembo, fled from Ferrara. It was whispered that, having excited the duke's jealousy, he had barely saved himself by flight.

The letters exchanged between Bembo and Lucretia are the only evidence that remains upon which to judge of their relations. It was not unusual for women of rank to have such correspondents, nor is its general discontinuance without exception in our own day. The letters in question cover a period of nearly ten years—from 1503 to 1513. We find token in Bembo's that he was inspired by an ardent passion, which he covers by the most delicate forms. Lucretia's, which are nine in number, evince an admiration for the Venetian, who seems to have been more adept than her soldier husband in the accomplishments which please a woman. On both sides are expressions of regard. There is respectful devotion from him, and sentimental interest from her. But no suggestion beyond this is to be found. When such letters are the accompaniment to a criminal amour, it is natural that they cease, or at least undergo some change, when the motive which induced them is ended. These continue, and are always the same in tenor. Their substance is identical during the three years when Bembo must have been frequently in the presence of Lucretia and the seven years that followed his flight, during which he never saw her. The relation, whatever it was, continued unchanged by separation.

There were others who wrote amorous verses to Lucretia, not with intention, but in conformity to the usage of the time. Tebaldo, Calcagnini, and Giraldi have sung of the sweetness of their duchess, comparing her, after the allegorical fashion of the age, to Minerva, to Venus, and, for virtue, to her namesake, the classic Lucretia of republican Rome. Caviceo, Vicar of Ferrara, dedicates to her a romance by a letter in which he addresses her as "accomplished, wise, and modest." The verses of Strozzi are more impassioned than any passage in the letters of Bembo, as in this sonnet to the "Rose of Lucretia:"

"Oh, Rose, born on a favored soil, wherefore is thy coloring more brilliant

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than thy mates'? Is it not that Lucretia enriched thee by the touch of her crimson lips!"

The number of these effusions from different hands makes it presumable that their object encouraged them with evidences of the gratified vanity of her sex. But her most emphatic justification comes from Ariosto, who had more opportunites for knowing her than any of the others: in "Orlando Furioso," he places her image in the temple of honor, and lends to it the attributes of purity. These writers would scarcely have ventured upon the sarcasm of honoring in the subject of their verse qualities notoriously deficient. To have done so would have given to their phrases the bitterest and most stinging irony, for which, in those days of action, the writer might have paid dear.

In the autumn of 1503, the Pope died poisoned, his son Cesare lay dangerously ill, and the fortunes of the Borgias collapsed. Lucretia was left with no other support than that she derived from the name and influence she had made for herself in twenty months' residence at Ferrara. Had she been a cruel, sensual, defiled woman, her husband, profiting by her helplessness, and acting according to the ethics of the time, would have made quick riddance of her. The excitable Italian populace, inspired by the downfall of her family, would have clamored against her. But the reverse is the fact. She continued to be honored and cherished by her husband, and from the Ferrarese she received every mark of loyal attachment.

Victor Hugo causes Lucretia to die at the hands of her son in a house of prostitution, at the climax of a poisoning scene. The truth is that she died in childbed in her palace, surrounded by her husband and children. Shortly before her death she addressed to Pope Leo X. a letter full of courage and resignation, of which these are the last words:

"And so great is the favor of my all-merciful Creator, that it is accorded to me to know that the end of my life approaches—that in a few hours it will have ceased, though not before I shall have received the holy consolations of the church. Arrived at this solemn extremity, I bethink me as a Christian—albeit a sinner—to ask of your Holiness the spiritual treasure of a benediction that may bring peace to my soul. And while entreating this favor for myself, I further commend my husband and my children, who are devout followers of your Holiness, to the benefits of your spiritual grace."

This does not sound like the utterance either of a remorseful

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conscience or of hardened guilt. Her husband's judgment upon her, written a few hours after she had been laid in the grave, is found in his letter announcing her death to his nephew :

". . . It is not without tears that I trace these words—so afflicting to me is it to be deprived of a companion so dearly beloved; for she was such to me by the qualities of her nature, and by the tender affection that existed between us. . . ."

The Middle Ages are filled with struggling and ambitious princes and sinful women. But scarce one of them stands in the focus of so strong a light as the Borgias. It is less his crimes than the monstrous travesty of his life that places Pope Alexander on a pedestal : it is less his murders and vices that have made the name of Cesare Borgia conspicuous than the grotesque contradiction of such a fiend figuring as the son, the instrument, the counselor of the head of the Christian Church. And so with Lucretia. The stain upon her is from surroundings she could neither change nor escape. Were it not that she too stands within the halo of the sacred precincts of her father's office, her fame, and the story of her frailties would barely have left a trace upon the page of Italian history. And but for her connection with such a brother as Cesare Borgia, her story would not have grown to the fantastic legend that it is.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

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# DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

THE most interesting political problem which the world presents to-day is undoubtedly that now pressing for solution in England. For the first time in their history, the majority of her people have power. Henceforth England is democratic. Cajoled, overruled, thwarted for generations by the aristocratic classes, who have doled out to them from time to time only such small measures of reform as were necessary to prevent revolution, the people have never been fully heard. A climax was reached, however, last session, when an act was forced upon the House of Lords which at once transferred power from the privileged few to the masses. It is this fact which renders the situation there so interesting to the political student.

To understand the position, it is needful to look for a few moments at the scope of the great act just referred to. The electoral system of England was quite fair when established centuries ago. The centers of population then lay in the south of England, and this district very properly sent to Parliament a majority of representatives. Those were the days when pretty little Bideford in Devonshire was required to send sixteen sail against the Armada, while Liverpool's quota was but two. But as population shifted to the middle and north of the island, the great cities like Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, and Glasgow, each sending but two representatives, were offset by the two members from some decaying village in the south. Seventy thousand electors, say in Birmingham or Glasgow, had no more weight than a few hundred in Woodstock or Eye. To aggravate this injustice, the aristocratic land-holders kept firm hold of the counties by restricting the right of voting to such as paid a rental sufficiently high to exclude all but the farmers, and traders who were wholly dependent upon them. All this has been changed. The bill of

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last year gave the suffrage to residents throughout the country districts. Even the hitherto despised farm laborers are now voters. The total electorate is increased about forty per cent. The squires and parsons, who have for generations designated the county representatives, now find themselves powerless against the populace. The influence of this revolution is already seen in the character of the representatives whom they have just returned. The old-fashioned country squire has been discarded, and a rising barrister, rich merchant, or large employer of labor, has taken his place. Most significant was the remark of one of the Liberal managers to me, that he had on his list thirteen titled gentlemen ready to serve the state in parliament, for whom no satisfactory constituencies could be found, their titles being regarded as elements of weakness before the new voters.

Even more important than the vast addition of voters to the electorate, is the redistribution of seats which the measure enacts. One hundred and sixty-seven have been taken from the smaller constituencies and given to the great cities. All constituencies less than ten thousand in number have been abolished. What England is and has been, under the rule of a privileged class chiefly intent upon preserving their privileges, and restricted at every turn by feudal traditions, is well known. What she is to become under the rule of a democracy, in which no barriers exist between the popular will and its prompt execution, is now the question.

To this but one reply can be given. The people of England will proceed to assimilate their political institutions to those of all other English-speaking communities. The institutions will be rapidly colonialized and Americanized. This process began some years ago, and has continued without cessation. And just in proportion as the people have been able to influence their rulers, has the movement been accelerated. The record of recent legislation shows only a copying of our institutions.

The first, and by far the most important step ever taken in this direction, was the adoption some years ago of a system of public education. Every child in the land now receives an education equal to that we bestow. Small fees are still collected from parents, but the local school boards have authority to pay these fees should parents be unable to do so. Attendance is compulsory. The first generation of those who have benefited by this system are now appearing upon the stage of action with the inev-

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itable result: they are radical. Education is everywhere a sure destroyer of privilege. The boy who can read the Declaration of Independence may be trusted to feel its force sooner or later. The doctrine of political equality, once known, enters the heart of man a welcome guest. Following us again, as we have seen, the Electoral Act is a great step toward our plan of equal districts and universal suffrage. Legislation upon law, a department in which Britain has long been considered supreme, has recently been in the direction of combining law and equity, after our practice. The patent laws of England have just been modeled after our own, although there is yet much to be done to bring them to our standard. In regard to married women's property, the year before last witnessed the discarding of feudal ideas and the adoption of our American law upon the subject. In a short time we are to see marriage with a deceased wife's sister allowed in England, as it is in other English-speaking lands. If we except legislation upon Irish land, which Mr. Gladstone and every member of the government pronounced exceptional and only justifiable upon the plea of necessity, it would be difficult to point out any change made in the laws of Britain during the past twenty years which is not in the direction of the colonial and republican practice. If we regard prospective legislation, we find the same suggestive fact: the parent land is politically under the influence of her children, and her part for some years is to follow them.

England's position is indeed unique among nations. Time was when not only all English-speaking communities, but the thinkers of all nations looked to her for lessons in political development. The Mother of Nations was the Mother of Parliaments. Trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, freedom of the press, constitutional government itself—all these are her work, but they are of the past, and are accepted as the law of gravitation is, there being no further dispute about them. The world requires the solution of new problems, fitting a more advanced condition; and toward this the fondest admirers of the dear old land must blush to own her contribution has been but scanty. A new English-speaking community, about to found a state, might indeed still look to England, but it would be to learn not what to adopt, but what to avoid. Instead of standing forth a model, she has become a warning. No State would think of adopting throne, hereditary chamber, primogeniture and entail, church and state, or any other of the

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remains of feudal institutions with which England is afflicted. Her more enterprising children seem to stand reminding her that

> "*To have done*, is nothing
> But to stand like rusty mail,
> In monumental mockery."

It is not to be supposed, unless Britain's star has set, and Britons are Britons no more, that the people—now educated, and becoming more and more apprised of the truth that they have been indulging in a Rip Van Winkle sleep—will rest content, deprived of the position they once held as the foremost nation of the world, the pioneer in political progress. I am quite sure that Britons are still Britons, a mighty race, whose part in the world, great as it has been, is not yet played to a finish. England has risen from her slumber.

The appeal to the people, which has just taken place, has unfortunately resulted in an equivocal response. For several reasons the towns which voted first have deserted the Liberals for the Tories. First, the Irish vote, from dictates of policy, was thrown against their natural allies, the Liberals. Second, the premature explosion of the issue of church disestablishment on the eve of the election frightened many Liberal churchmen into opposition. The Englishman regards every new question as a "bogey," and has to be led up quietly to the object, and accustomed to it before he can be driven on. A third reason, no doubt more potent than a surface view would indicate, was a deep aversion to the Liberal policy in Egypt and in the Soudan, which resulted in a loss of thousands of lives, and added twenty millions sterling to the budget. A fourth cause is found in the theory of "Fair Trade" as opposed to "Free Trade." Great distress prevails in the manufacturing districts, and many operatives were carried away in the hope that there might be some virtue in the fair trade idea. Thus the Liberals fought at enormous disadvantage in the towns, and lost a great many seats which are safe for them under normal conditions.

Turning to the country districts the reverse is found. All that the most advanced Radical hoped for has been accomplished, and more. The enfranchised voters have turned upon their former oppressors, the parson and the squire, and their class, and have driven them from the field. The new parliament will differ

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from other parliaments in nothing so much as this: that the members from the country are Radical instead of being Tory magnates as hitherto. The gains in the counties have equalized the losses in the towns, and all to the advantage of the Radical wing of the Liberal Party. Left to struggle with the Tories alone, Mr. Gladstone and his followers would have had a triumphant majority, and be able to carry the Liberal programme complete. But here comes in the most important factor of all. As Richelieu says to the king, of Cromwell: "A great man has arisen in England"—Parnell. His triumph is complete. He holds both parties at his mercy. The scales of power are in his hand. In presence of this great fact speculation concerning the Radical programme is vain. The question of Ireland overshadows all. Nothing else will be heard of. Not even the reform of the rules of procedure of the House, which is a crying necessity, can be accomplished except by arrangement with the "uncrowned King of Ireland." The natural course would be an alliance between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, when probably a few of the Whigs—Goschen and Hartington, would go sulking to their tents. Rosebery and Harcourt, and even Granville, if he does not finally retire, which is probable, may be depended upon, however, to remain with the advanced wing, which is headed by Chamberlain, Morley, Dilke and Trevelyan. Even with this alliance it is probable that an appeal would have to be made to the country next year upon the one vital question of Home Rule for Ireland; and as the Liberals would then have the Irish vote, the result could not be doubtful.

But neither Mr. Gladstone nor the Marquis of Salisbury, not even Parnell, nor any other man, can tell what combination the kaleidoscope of British politics is to form during the next sixty days. It is useless, therefore, for me to speculate further upon it. This much, however, is certain: The democracy are in power, and their measures will be carried, if not this session, then in some early parliament. And included in these will be Home Rule for Ireland, with rights similar to those enjoyed by the States of the American Union—a further imitation of her giant child by the mother land. When this great question is settled, but not till then, the Radical programme of further democratic reforms will be in order.

The most important consideration of all is the future attitude

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of Great Britain toward other nations. Is the British democracy to be pacific or belligerent? Is Britain to continue to embroil herself in wars in all parts of the world? Is she to maintain her costly and useless interferences in the quarrels of Europe? I think not. I believe that the British democracy is to be pacific, and that the American doctrine of non-intervention will commend itself to it. Britain will be more and more inclined to follow the example of America in regard to foreign affairs, as she has done in home affairs—"friendship with all, entangling alliances with none," is to become the common platform of the democracy on both sides of the Atlantic. I believe further, that it will not be long ere both parties in Britain will pledge themselves, as both parties here have done, to offer arbitration for the settlement of international disputes before drawing the sword. In short, Herbert Spencer's great law will be further vindicated.

"As power is held arbitrarily by king or chief the military type is developed, and wars of dynasties and aggression ensue. As power passes to the people the industrial type is developed, and peace ensues."

In all this we see the unceasing movement of the various divisions of the English-speaking race throughout the world, to assimilate their political institutions, each division taking that which the others have proved to be best. English law is already universal; the decisions of the Supreme Court of Washington are quoted wherever our language is spoken. Religion, too, may be said, in a broad sense, to be universal. Our speech is also the tongue of a hundred million Anglo-Saxons; our literature is also the same, and political institutions are rapidly becoming assimilated. The world is soon to see this community of language, religion, and political forms merge into the great Anglo-Saxon democracy. The child now lives who will see every English-speaking community living under institutions founded upon the extremest view of the rights of man, as formulated in our Declaration of Independence, without a vestige of privilege from birth, without king or aristocracy, without united church and state, without great standing armies, unhampered by primogeniture and entail, with equal electoral privileges and equal districts. In short, with only such slight variations of laws as are necessary to adjust them to differing conditions and climates, the various divisions of the English race will live in peaceful brotherhood, each governing itself as a

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free and independent nation, but held to the others with bonds stronger than those of conquest, feudal dependency, or colonial relationship, and ready to help each other in need. This is the ideal federation of the English-speaking people of the world. It is also the only one possible or desirable.

The great parent land, it is true, lags behind at present. It is characteristic of her to be slow, but it is no less characteristic of her that what she once sets her hand to do, that she accomplishes. Twenty years' reign of the people will place her abreast of the most advanced of her children, and twenty years more may restore to her the political leadership of the world.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

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# THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF DELAWARE.

## A Testimonial of Thanks.

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Wilmington, Delaware, *December* 17, 1885.

Allen Thorndike Rice, Esq.,

Editor of The North American Review:

Dear Sir: As citizens of Delaware, subject to her institutions and identified with her interests, we wish to thank you for the stand you have recently taken in The North American Review, in your article entitled "A Disfranchised People." That brief but effective monograph is bringing to the knowledge and criticism of the whole country a condition of public affairs in this State unique in their iniquity, and necessarily inflicting upon our people the charge that "partisan cunning, injustice and dishonesty have here reached their lowest ebb in American public life." These are your own words, and they are true.

It is futile to attempt to dispute the facts, or to hide the point at issue. We are indignant that even the small band of ex-Republicans, represented by the New York "Evening Post," should add insult to injury, in our case, by sneering at our grievances, and seeking to belittle a most important exposure of political crime.

But we do not find, in your conduct of this discussion, any partisan motive or bias. You have simply described the political abominations existing in this State, which have practically nullified the principles and purposes of our Constitution itself; and your elucidation of the matter has been so calm, clear, and connected, that, to a thoughtful reader, it carries conviction on its face. You have rigidly and truthfully summarized the political wrong which exists among us when you say that a large part of the citizens of Delaware "are as thoroughly disfranchised by legal chicanery as any community of negroes in Mississippi were ever disfranchised by physical intimidation." Our disfranchised citizens do not happen to be altogether the blacks; they are simply



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the *poor*. At present they belong chiefly to one political party—the Republican; but, as thousands of Democrats in Delaware are also poor, the disfranchised might easily belong to the Democratic party if the tables should be turned, and the same dangerous laws and unscrupulous methods should be continued. This question, in fact, rises far above all mere partisan controversy, and is thus a proper subject for the strenuous but impartial treatment of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It is unnecessary for us to reiterate the main and evident facts exposed in your article. Here permit us to give special emphasis to one point: Those who misunderstand us, and those who misrepresent us, prate of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, with the implication that we complain of laws similar to theirs, which require voters to pay a tax. Whatever any of us may regard as the "ethics of actual democracy" on this point, we have made no complaint, in connection with present outrages upon us, against the poll-tax of Delaware, or against any other tax that the people, as a whole, consider necessary. Our complaint is, that during the past twelve years the tax-laws of our State have been so distorted—warped from their original and honest purpose for partisan ends—that one political party disfranchises at will a sufficient number of its opponents to reduce the exercise of the great right of suffrage almost to a farce. Our difficulty is, not that we have a tax to pay in order to vote, but that we live under laws which prevent citizens from qualifying to vote by paying their taxes, and which thus defraud us of our rights, and defraud the public of its legitimate revenues. This crying abuse, this inexcusable shame, which is well understood and generally acknowledged in our State, you have been able to bring to the attention of the nation. You have done an excellent work. Again we thank you for it. If you should continue it you would still find much to do.

Very truly yours,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| GEO. W. BUSH, | HENRY C. MCLEAR, | H. B. SEIDEL, |
| EDWARD BETTS, | H. MENDINHALL, | H. C. JONES, |
| GEO. G. LOBDELL, | THOMAS S. BELLAH, | WILLIAM CANBY, |
| HENRY DU PONT, | WATSON R. SPERRY, | JOHN G. BAKER, |
| ANTHONY HIGGINS, | E. T. WARNER, | DANIEL J. LAYTON, |
| EDWARD G. BRADFORD, | ALFRED D. WARNER, | WILLIAM G. PENNYPACKER, |
| W. HASTINGS, | WASHINGTON JONES, | JOB H. JACKSON, |
| GEO. W. STONE, | J. H. ADAMS, | JAMES SCOTT. |

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# LETTERS TO PROMINENT PERSONS.

## No. I.—To the Secretary of State.

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My Dear Secretary: I had nearly called you "my dear Senator," for (unless the depilatory influence of office is called in) one does not shake off the friendly habit of years in a few weeks or months. But it suddenly occurred to me that to address you thus would be to wound you as Dido wounded Æneas when she insisted on making him tell over again for her the doleful tale of sacked and burning Troy.

"*Sic me servavit Apollo.*" As you received your education in the humanities on the three-legged stool of a merchant's counting-house, and not within the academic groves of a University, these classical touches of mine, I know, will almost console you for any cutaneous irritation that may be provoked, perhaps, by this or that necessary reference to the irrevocable Past or the uncontrollable Future.

Your friends, your party—I might almost say your country—I may certainly say your proud little State, will always think of you, must always think of you as the "Senator from Delaware." It is no fault of theirs—it is hardly a merit of yours—that thus to think of you is to cast a sort of oblique obloquy upon a most conscientious and consistent Democratic Senator, your colleague. That is a matter which you must settle, on its merits, with Senator Saulsbury, when he comes, if he ever shall come, to insist that Democratic Delaware shall receive from the Department of State at least an equal recognition in the diplomatic service of the Union which reposes upon these two massive pillars of State sovereignty, with Republican Vermont.

All that now concerns me is to maintain that the appeal which the old woman of antiquity made from Philip drunk to Philip sober, ought to lie from the Secretary of State who is the butt to-day of every witling's flying shaft of scorn, to the Senator from

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Delaware who but a brief twelvemonth ago was the cynosure of so many plans and of such prismatic hopes.

My purpose is to urge this appeal. And if I am asked in whose interest I urge it, and to what direct end, I answer frankly and at once, that I urge it in your interest, to which, like all the Blue Hen's Chickens and like yourself, I have the "single eye" of the late Mr. Fernando Wood, your staunch and loyal ally; and that I urge it to the end that I may further your once cryptic, but now apocalyptic longing to abandon a position, not the one you sought and which you ought never to have accepted, and drop back into a seat from which you rose with reluctance for the first time when you rose to vacate it finally.

"Events are moving," even in the conservative little commonwealth which was so successfully invaded and captured by your "carpet-bagging" ancestors from New York at the beginning of the century which is now rounding to its close. We in Philadelphia and in Wilmington know (for our local and family traditions are close and "provincial") how much pains it cost those indefatigable adventurers to get the better in local influence of the good old Delaware stock, the Bedfords, the Barretts, the Vinings, the Latimers, the Pattersons, the Claytons, the Rodneys, the Reads, the Dickinsons, the McKeans! You have cultivated such cheerful and useful relations with the Drexels, and with that eminent elegiac poet Mr. Childs, that the estimable editor of the "Philadelphia Ledger" has probably forgiven you the wrongs inflicted by your ancestors upon his. If it was a good thing for Jeffrey and Brougham to "meditate literature upon a little oatmeal" at Edinburgh fourscore years ago and more, it has certainly been a better thing for you to meditate politics at Philadelphia in our time upon terrapin, and to hobnob with the Camerons over champagne in white glass bottles at the expense of an association of amiable agriculturists always ready to crack a magnum, for the sake of exploding your friend Mr. Duffy's infallible joke about the equivalence of cost between a quart of imported *crême d'Ay* and a quart of amateur native *crême de vache!*

But many circumstances combine to make me doubt whether the history of Delaware is as familiar to the sixty millions, more or less, of the American people as the history, for example, of Bœotia was to the Hellenic race before the overthrow of Hellenic liberty and independence by the Macedonians.

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I regret this. If the history of Delaware were as well known, let me say, as the history of Rhode Island (now represented, through your good offices, at the court of the Netherlands), there would be little difficulty in making the American people understand that there is no time to be lost in getting you out of the Department of State if you are ever to be got back into the Senate of the United States.

As things are, nine men in ten, I need not say, really imagine that Delaware and the Bayards are convertible terms, the State being as inseparable from the family and the family from the State as canvas-back ducks from Maryland and Maryland from canvas-back ducks. This notion is as deeply rooted in the popular mind as the impression that you, individually, are not to be judged by the same standard with casual men of the people like Seward, or Lincoln, or Chase, or Andrew Johnson, or Cleveland, because you are the American representative of that ideal of mediæval Gallic chivalry, the Chevalier Bayard. The sins of the father we know are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation; and this may be wise if it be not wholly equitable. But it is hard that the virtues of an imaginary ancestor should be made a stumbling-block in the way of his imaginary descendants. Let me clear up this grotesque misapprehension! It is due to you at this crisis in your political fortunes that the truth should be known. You have no more to do with the Chevalier Bayard than with Michel Chevalier or the Chevalier d'Eon. The vulgar error on this point involves a cruel injustice to the memory of the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. As he never was married, he could have had no children entitled to claim him as their sire; and as his name was not Bayard at all, he could not have transmitted it to his children had his table bloomed and bourgeoned with olive branches.

The *sobriquet* under which subsequent generations have learned to love and to honor the heroic soldier of King Francis was given to him to commemorate his gallant charger, not "a red roan steed of steeds," such as Miss Barrett sings, but a bright and blooded bay. How fond you are of horses I need not say, and no man who has seen you at a race-meeting will need to be told that you can hold your own on that subject with any Yorkshireman alive. But you do not claim, like the Hohenzollern, to be descended from a stallion; and the gifted genealogist who has

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traced back the origin of the Gallatins to the Roman Consul Callatinus has not ventured, so far as I know, to intimate that your veins run blue with the blood of the quadruped upon whom Caligula conferred that rank.

You may justly resent the imputation, so often put upon you, that you inherit from your forefathers a congenital contempt for the *ignobile vulgus*, for nothing is more certain than that you come of a family whose founder in this country was the artificer of his own fortunes.

Whether your ancestor Bayard, the estimable Huguenot preacher, who fled from France into the Netherlands and there married a sister of Petrus Stuyvesant, was by birth even a Frenchman is open to doubt. Certain records in the story of the persecutions which attended the attempt of Louis XIV. to fulfill those obligations to "extirpate heresy" which he assumed by his marriage contract with his Austrian wife lead to the belief that, like many other Calvinist pastors in France, Domine Bayard, as the Hollanders called him, was really a Scotchman, a countryman of John Knox, and that his true name was Baird.

Be this as it may, his son Nicholas, one of the first of your name in America, was as "canny" as any Caledonian that ever lived. I need not recite the steps by which from the humble position of an official clerk, swift to take service under the English invaders and conquerors of New Amsterdam, this Dutch nephew of stout old Peter Stuyvesant rose to heights of political importance and of personal opulence relatively loftier than those attained in our own time by Sweeney and by Tweed.

How ingeniously and skillfully Nicholas Bayard compassed the overthrow and the death of Leisler, the ablest champion in our early Colonial history of popular rights, and the New York protomartyr of American Home Rule, I do not care to recite. His story, as you know, jars rather awkwardly upon the sounding contentions of your literary idol, Mr. Russell Lowell;

> "Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
> But God standeth in the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Leisler and his gallant lieutenant, Milborne, were arrested and tried for their lives under a law of which it is said that Nicholas Bayard procured the passage for that special purpose. Did this

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dark history repeat itself as your political enemies aver in your efforts to secure the enactment of measures intended to give you the control of the Legislature of Delaware? Or is this latter a case of unconscious "atavism?" But to continue our story:—

Once tried and condemned they were brought by Nicholas Bayard to the scaffold on a warrant, the signature of which was secured from an intoxicated governor, plied with heavy liquors at a convivial board. But when Lieutenant-Governor Nanfan, ten years afterward, arrested Nicholas Bayard under the very law which he had caused to be passed for the destruction of Leisler; and the court had heard the case; and Nicholas Bayard had been found guilty of "treason and of rebellion," "and of inciting the soldiers in the fort to rebellion, and of persuading them to sign libels against the existing government;" and sentence of death had been passed upon him, he was suddenly rescued and released from prison by the timely arrival in the colony of that illustrious rapscallion, Hyde, Lord Cornbury, with whom he had kept up a secret correspondence for months, and who had been sent out by his royal kinsman, King William, to rule New York, and to save him from his British creditors.

Under the patronage of Lord Cornbury, Nicholas Bayard lived and throve, so that when he died his children found themselves the "millionaires" of that early time, holding from him a great tract of real estate on the Bowery, south of Bleecker Street, known as the "Bayard Farms." What became of his brother is, I believe, uncertain, but his collateral descendants are to be found to-day in Boston and Philadelphia, as well as in Delaware, and the association of your name with that gallant little State goes no further back than to the appearance in our modern politics of your grandfather and earliest predecessor in the Senate, to whom you made such an unlucky reference in your speech at St. Louis last summer, and who made himself such a truly "offensive partisan" in connection with the Federalist plot of 1800–01, for keeping Thomas Jefferson out of the Presidency and putting Aaron Burr into it.

Let me dwell on this for a moment, if only to show how unfair and how unfriendly it is to treat you as a public man whose claims to consideration rest chiefly on the superiority of his ancestors to those "questionable" proceedings in politics which President Cleveland reprehends so sternly in his recent Message.

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Under the date of February 12, 1801, Thomas Jefferson made this entry in his diary :

"Edward Livingston tells me that Bayard applied to-day or last night to General Samuel Smith, and represented to him the expediency of his coming over to the States who vote for Burr—that there was nothing in the way of appointment which he might not command—and particularly mentioned the Secretaryship of the Navy.

"Smith asked him if he was authorized to make the offer. He said he was authorized. Smith told this to Livingston and to A. C. Nicholas, who confirms it to me.

"Bayard, in like manner, tempted Livingston, not by offering any particular office, but by representing to him his (Livingston's) intimacy and connection with Burr, so that from him he had everything to expect if he would come over to him."

Five years after this, on the 15th of April, 1806, Thomas Jefferson found it necessary to make another record in regard to Mr. Bayard, in connection with a suit between Colonel Burr and Mr. Cheetham. In the course of this suit Colonel Burr had a deposition taken of Mr. Bayard, of which Jefferson tells us that it seemed to have no relation to the suit, nor to any other object than to calumniate President Jefferson.

"Bayard," says Mr. Jefferson, "pretends to have addressed to me, during the pending of the Presidential election in February, 1801, through General Samuel Smith, certain conditions on which my election might be obtained, and that General Smith, after conversing with me, gave answer, from me.

"This is absolutely false.

"No proposition of any kind was ever made to me on that occasion by General Smith, nor any answer authorized by me. And this fact General Smith affirms at this moment."

It was at the opening of the Fifth Congress, on the 15th of May, 1797, that this ingenious ancestor of yours first made his appearance as a representative of Delaware. He had nothing to do with the history of the Blue Hen's Chickens during the war of the Revolution, nor indeed does your name occur in the annals of that stormy time, after the war began, excepting in a letter written by General Washington from Valley Forge in the terrible winter of 1778 to the British commander at Philadelphia, Sir William Howe.

At that time the soldiers of the Revolution were writing the record of their weary marches on the snow in the blood that streamed from their naked feet, and nothing but the indomitable

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soul of Washington upheld the sinking cause of American Independence. A sterner chief might have been pardoned in such circumstances for concerning himself only with the men who were battling for their country under his command. But Washington closes a military letter to the hostile commander with an earnest plea in behalf of "Mr. James Bayard," of whom he says "he was taken prisoner near the Swede's Ford the day your army crossed the Schuylkill. He had just returned from college, and had no rank in nor connection with the army. He is not to be considered as a prisoner of war, but as a citizen, and as such his friends will propose an exchange for him."

All this did not prevent your grandfather from working his way up, eventually, into the Senate of the United States, nor did all this prevent President Madison from consenting that your grandfather, though he had earnestly opposed the war of 1812 for "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights," should accompany his Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gallatin, to Europe, in May, 1813, as a commissioner to deal with the offer of mediation made by Alexander I. of Russia for the settlement of our quarrel with Great Britain. President Madison was writhing at that time under the perplexities of the position created for him by intestine squabbles in his Cabinet, and by a sort of faction fight in the Senate. These perplexities were such that John Randolph was almost justified in speaking of him as "President only *de jure;*" and for a time they really reduced President Madison to political impotence almost as effectually as somewhat similar circumstances did Mr. Hayes, "a President only *de facto*" in our own time. The private records of the long series of negotiations which began with the arrival of Mr. Gallatin and Mr. James A. Bayard in July, 1813, at St. Petersburg, and their conferences there with Mr. Adams, and which ended with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent on Christmas Day, 1814, make it quite clear that your grandfather, from first to last, was indisposed to insist upon the surrender by Great Britain of the right of search and of the license of impressment as matters of principle.

Both in the original Commission to Russia, and in the Commission as modified by the appointment of Mr. Clay and of Mr. Jonathan Russell to negotiate conjointly with Mr. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Bayard, and Mr. Secretary Gallatin, a treaty of peace, directly with the Commissioners of Great Britain, your grand-

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father represented the party of "peace at any price." Events favored him at the outset, by making it difficult for the American Government to insist on the surrender by Great Britain of the right of search; and subsequently, by developing a troublesome antagonism within the body of the American Commission between Mr. Clay, who, as became the author of the "American system," thought it most vital to keep the navigation of the Mississippi closed against the British flag, and Mr. Adams, who justly regarded the maintenance of that immemorial right of the people of New England to an unrestricted enjoyment of the North American fisheries, which George III. had acknowledged in the peace of Versailles, as a permanent object to be attained in any diplomatic understanding with Great Britain.

You know how large was the confidence reposed during all these negotiations in the late Vice-President Dallas who went out to Russia as the secretary of Mr. Gallatin, and how plain he used to make it that your grandfather, under the direction of Mr. Gallatin, ingeniously contrived to play off the passion of Mr. Clay against the petulance of Mr. Adams in the interests of that peace with Great Britain which Mr. Gallatin considered to be more important, certainly for the time being, than the protection of our seamen against impressment, the command of the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi, or the reaffirmation of the rights of our fishermen.

Your sympathies, like those of your grandfather, have always run in the direction of Great Britain, and this, by the way, may perhaps be regarded as an incidental confirmation of the presumptive evidence which carries back the origin of your Calvinistic "forebear," the thrifty and versatile clerk Nicholas, to Scotland rather than to France. But your grandfather had a guarantee against the dangerous effect of personal sympathies upon diplomatic transactions, which you do not possess, in such a placidity of temper as served Mr. Gallatin especially, by enabling him to play verbal billiards, after a masterly fashion, with the irascible John Quincy Adams and the imperious Henry Clay.

I dare say, for example, that your grandfather, if he had longed for the position held by Mr. Gallatin in the Cabinet of President Madison, as ardently and openly as you longed for the same position in the Cabinet of President Cleveland, would have been almost as much annoyed and disappointed by the nomination

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of Mr. Gallatin, as you were when you found that nothing would induce President Cleveland to do even so much as to consider your claims to the control of that great engine of political patronage and influence, the Treasury. But your grandfather would never have permitted his feelings to hurry him into accepting an entirely different office for which neither his tastes nor his training had given him even an elementary preparation. Still less would he have allowed his vexation and his anxiety to betray him into any attempt to purchase the favor of the President by affecting coldness and indifference to those of his own personal friends whom he might have supposed to be regarded with dislike or distrust by the Executive!

I cannot wonder, knowing you as well as we all of us do, that you should have been piqued and provoked by finding yourself described among the candidates for Cabinet office as "a clerk in the house of Belmont & Company," if only because you doubtless regarded the description as intended to remind the public that your early training was that of the counting-house, not of the college, and that your earliest associations with literature run back like those of the most delightful and imaginative of book-keepers, Charles Lamb, to "books which are not books." But it was a mistake such as your grandfather would never have committed, believe me, to allow your irritation to vent itself in the form of what could not fail to be regarded by the indifferent public as a studied attempt to "turn the cold shoulder" upon the most loyal and the most liberal of your political and personal friends!

Could you suppose that the story of the Chicago Convention of 1884 was a mystery for the successful candidate, or for those who, having stood nearest to the successful candidate during the contest, stood naturally nearest to him in the organization of his work as President elect of the United States, and in the formation of his Cabinet? To whom of all these was it a secret that the one and only thing which for a moment even made it possible that the lightning of nomination should strike your lifted brow, was the frank and outspoken offer of Mr. Belmont to assume the lion's share of the legitimate expense of a presidential canvass, should your name be inscribed upon the banner of the party? To whom of all these was it a secret that during the administration of Mr. Pierce and of Mr. Buchanan, while your excellent father was keeping little

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Delaware firmly in line with the Virginia of Mr. Mason, and with the Louisiana of Mr. Slidell, Mr. Belmont was the trusted counselor and ally of large-minded national Democrats like Governor Marcy and Senator Douglas; and that for twelve long years after the crash of civil war overtook us, and while you were still chiefly known to us in Philadelphia and at Newport as the "Cupid Bayard" of our youth, Mr. Belmont, as chairman of the National Democratic Committee, was holding firmly the constitutional lines of the grand old party under an incessant and implacable fire of injustice and of obloquy? How could you persuade yourself that to adopt the tactics of the ostrich in your treatment of such a leader at such a moment could possibly advance your permanent influence, I will not say with your party, but even with that very section of your party which you supposed to be affected unfavorably to you by the splendid publicity which Mr. Belmont had so long given to his warm interest in your welfare and in your political advancement?

*"C'était pire qu'un crime—c'était une faute!"*

But, as you see, I do not attribute it, as your enemies doubtless do, to ingratitude on your part; that is, to conscious ingratitude. I do not think you an ungrateful man—for ingratitude is a deliberate disregard of obligations intelligently felt and recognized. I am quite sure that you clutched at the Department of State partly in a spasm of personal mortification at your failure to obtain the Treasury, but partly also because you really fancied that not to see you enrolled among the advisers of President Cleveland, would be a source of such pain and distress to all your political friends, and of course to Mr. Belmont among them, that the mere fact of your going into the Cabinet would make them perfectly happy, and would appear to them to be an adequate compensation for all their labors, not only on your behalf but on behalf of the party and of its principles.

H. D., in one of his sardonic caricatures of the terrible story of the siege of Paris, represents the Kaiser William addressing a battalion of stalwart Prussian infantry. The soldiers stand ankle-deep in the snow, and shiver in their scant tunics under the leafless boughs of the ice-clad trees.

"My children!" says the grand old warrior—"my children! I am well pleased with you, and in proof of it I have ordered a fur-lined cloak to be given—to my son Fritz!"

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Here I am sure we have the true and inward type of your instinctive and unconscious attitude toward your political friends. It is not without many parallels in the history of successful princes; but it has never worked well in the case of politicians.

Let me, however, be wholly just to you. I have no doubt that an honest and generous anxiety for the success of President Cleveland had much to do with your eagerness to assume the responsibilities of a Cabinet office. You knew him to be entirely without experience in Federal affairs; and everything that you had heard of him (for you had no personal relations with him before his election to the Presidency) led you to think that in choosing his Cabinet he would incline of himself and would be urged by his nearest personal friends to make what Jefferson so strongly and tersely condemned as "a draught upon the lottery of untried characters." This, doubtless, seemed to you a prospect full of perils for the party and for the country—perils so grave that to counter them by throwing yourself into one of the Departments would be an act of unselfish good will to the head of the new Administration, not untinctured with some flavor of that high Roman spirit which still stirs and kindles the hearts of men in the tale of Marcus Curtius.

Alas! that you should have succumbed to the temptation! Once before at such a critical moment in your career, your guardian angel had nodded upon his post. Can we ever forget it!

When the great conspiracy of 1876 had been fairly organized, and the pressure of Federal power was put by those who controlled it upon the sworn representatives of the American people to make them abandon the discharge of their sacred trust, and turn over the choice of the Chief Magistrate to an extemporized tribunal lying outside of the customs, and, as I believe, outside of the Constitution of the Republic, why did not you sit silent and steadfast to await the assault of the conspirators as sate the senators of Rome in the presence of the invading Gauls? What had you to do with promoting the device by which it was written in the Book of Fate that the Democratic millions of the United States should be defrauded of the plain result of their legitimately recorded will?

Was not your strength then, in the words of Scripture, "to sit still?" By what accursed influence was it laid upon you to arise and to insist that the Democrats of the United States should put their faith in the verdict to be given by an unimpaneled and un-

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authentic jury upon a case already decided in the High Court of the American people at the polls?

"What beast was it made you do it!"

"It is not to be assumed," you exclaimed, "that men of high station, like these Republican senators and representatives and judges, will come to any decision upon the great question out of key with justice and with the Constitution!" What was this but to say that Judge Lynch must be trusted to administer the law?

"I have tried a dozen ways of getting this matter put straight," exclaimed Lord John Russell, upon a certain occasion, to Lord Palmerston, "and I really am at my wit's end how to manage it!"

"Suppose," replied the caustic Premier; "suppose you tried letting it alone?"

Familiar as your guardian angel must be with the British peerage, how unhandsome it was of him not to enforce upon you in those cruel and crucial days of the battle over the Electoral Commission, this simple and masterly suggestion of the Irish viscount whom John Bull honors and reveres as the most successful and the most English of modern English statesmen!

A truce, however, to vain regrets!

"Not Jove himself hath power upon the Past." Let us deal with your position as you have made it, and not waste idle tears upon what might have been! If there is nothing to be hoped for by you, or from you in the Department of State—and I am sure that this will become entirely apparent to you before I close this friendly appeal—must we abandon all expectation also of seeing you serve the party and the country in the Senate?

I hope not. But if my hope is to ripen into fruition, the popular notion must be dispelled, that your seat in the Senate was in the nature of a "pocket borough," created for you by the hereditary devotion of the voters of Delaware to your family.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who did not agree as to many matters, were both of the opinion, very keenly expressed by Jefferson in a letter to Adams, that "in Massachusetts and Connecticut there seemed to be a traditionary reverence for certain families which had rendered the offices of the government nearly hereditary in those families." This, which was true of those two Commonwealths threescore and ten years ago, seems to be commonly believed now of Delaware.

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I think I detected a tincture of this belief in the treatment of the question of the Delaware qualifications for voting which attracted so much attention in the November issue of this REVIEW. It is an unfounded belief, as I think I have already shown, and in showing it to be an unfounded belief I think I have done a real service not only to Delaware and to you, but to your amiable and accomplished successor in the Senate.

Mr. Gray is too often alluded to, not as a Senator from Delaware, but as Mr. Bayard's Senator. He it was who urged your nomination for the Presidency upon the Democratic Convention, at Chicago, in a brief but eloquent speech, in the course of which he frankly admitted that the Convention might not unnaturally fancy that "his affections had taken possession of his head." No one is likely to fancy this of you, and the extraordinary zeal shown by you in February last for the election of Mr. Gray as your successor has been pretty generally interpreted, at least in Delaware and in Philadelphia, as proof that you expected Mr. Gray to hold and occupy for you your "curule chair" while you tried your hand at the Department of State with the understanding that he should resign it to you at any time if you made up your mind to return to it.

I need not repeat that such an impression as this ought to be dissipated without delay. It is calculated to irritate the self-respect of the Legislature and of the people of Delaware; and you and I know it to be absolutely groundless. What the Bayards were in Delaware when Mr. James Bayard fell into the hands of Sir William Howe, at Swedes' Ford, and prayed to be delivered from them as having nothing to do with the armed rebellion of the Americans against King George, they still are; "carpet-baggers," not in any offensive sense of that word, but in its true sense. And it was not an easy matter, as you and I know, for Mr. Gray to overcome the objections to his election by the Legislature of Delaware, which were founded upon the charge that if elected he would really represent not Delaware, but the Department of State. As it was, he was elected by a bare majority, and after what an anxious canvass!

Can I forget how troubled and distressed your friends in Philadelphia were while you were struggling with that local opposition! What would have been your position had your acceptance of the State Department been followed by the defeat in Delaware of Mr.

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Gray! How bitterly you spoke at that time of the new President, and of his "crass indifference" on a matter so vital to you! No man knows better than you do just to what turn a canvas-back should be cooked; but when you then expatiated to your friends on the traits of "that delicate duck, Cleveland," it certainly was in the vein rather of Brutus preparing Cæsar for burial than of Antony come to bury him!

Your petulance in regard to the President at that time attracted much attention. Only the other day a very clever woman, the wife of one of your most indefatigable Republican tormentors in the Senate, told me that, meeting you by accident a day or two after the confirmation of your appointment as Secretary of State, she congratulated you in perfect good faith upon the new career thus open to you.

"Imagine my surprise," she said, "when instead of responding to my good-natured commonplaces good naturedly he swerved from my words like a half-broken horse from the shadow of a whip, and, tossing up his head in that comical way he has, exclaimed: 'No, madame, no! Condole with me, do not congratulate me!'"

She is a meditative little lady, and as she tells me she discussed your queer behavior afterward with her husband.

"For my part," she said, "I really thought he was making believe and trying to humbug me into the notion that he was indifferent to office; but my husband laughed at me, and said in his cold, sardonic way: 'No, my dear, nothing of the sort. He meant what he said. The truth is, that he took the office regarding it as a brevet nomination for the Presidency, and imagining that he was to play a more successful Seward to a second-rate Lincoln. I know Cleveland better than he does, and I can see that he has found out his mistake. I am only amused at his finding it out so soon.'"

That you have since then done your best to accommodate yourself to the icy facts of the case is undoubtedly true. I am sure you would not now speak of the President as a "delicate duck." I even believe that you are entirely sincere in the profession of admiration and "almost boyish affection," which you now lavish upon him whenever he is mentioned. He is an excellent listener, and you have always had a high opinion of anybody who would lend you his ears.

Most senators have a weakness for monologue, born of that "courtesy of the Senate," which has made that august chamber the Elysium of political bores. Under the time-honored customs

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of the Cabinet you might have found your seat at the green table less agreeable, for it has always heretofore been usual for the President to discuss public questions with his official advisers freely at Cabinet meetings. President Cleveland has inaugurated a new order of things, which makes it possible for you to monopolize the whole of a session; and however this may affect your colleagues it keeps you in good humor with yourself and with the President who permits it, while it leaves him at liberty to work out questions quietly in his own way without wasting words upon them.

But how has this order of things affected your standing with the party which opened the doors of place and power to the President and to you? What is the prospect before you if you disregard this earnest appeal of mine and insist upon allowing Delaware to put another person into your late seat in the Senate on the 4th of March, 1887?

Remember, there is danger in delay!

I am sure that the candid Editor of this REVIEW, on whom the Tyrian and the Trojan may urge with equal confidence their conflicting claims, will allow me to protest against certain inferences drawn by others from his paper on the disfranchised State, to the disadvantage of the Democrats of Delaware. But the Democrats of Delaware have not forgotten that it was your own voice raised, though raised in vain, at the Democratic Convention of 1872, in Baltimore, against the validity of the Fifteenth Amendment, which has fastened upon Delaware the acrid hostility of the North on this subject. They were wounded then to see a patriotic South Carolinian of Irish descent, Mr. O'Connor, come forward and demand for the "four millions of enfranchised negroes" that protection and security in their guaranteed rights which your lips should have demanded!

Nor were they gratified, believe me, when in a fit of temper last summer, as Secretary of State, you allowed yourself to express to a member of Congress the absurd opinion that "popular government was a failure if men were to expect office as the reward of party work." Did not your grandfather offer office to General Smith as the reward of party work for Burr eighty years ago? And has popular government failed in consequence thereof? Such explosions of childish temper recall the story told of John Adams, who, when he was amiably reminded by Langdon of the heavy vote



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given to Clinton for the Vice-Presidency, "gritted his teeth and said, 'D—n 'em—d—n 'em—d—n 'em. You see an elective government will not do.'"

I do not care to dwell at length upon your handling of the patronage of your department. You certainly must have heard enough on that subject to convince you that you have succeeded in alienating profoundly the good-will of your own party without conquering the respect of the opposite party or of the public. Perhaps you are not wholly to blame for this. Diplomatic appointments of importance cannot possibly be made without discussion by the Cabinet if they are to satisfy either a great party or the general opinion of the country. Your responsibility in this particular arises out of your failure as a Mentor to impress upon your Telemachus, the President, the importance of consulting your colleagues at least before consenting to adopt suggestions made by you. The true rule to be followed in all such matters was long ago laid down by President Jefferson in a remarkable conversation which he had with Burr in April, 1806. In that conversation the founder of the Democratic party maintained, "that in a government like ours it is necessary to embrace in its public administration as great a mass of public confidence as possible by employing those who have a character, with the public of their own, and not merely a secondary one through the Executive."

Wise and pregnant words!

What can be more fraught with peril to that government of the people by the people for the people, of which we hear so much and see so little, than the practice of "astonishing" the country by the appointment to important public positions of men whose merits and whose claims are a conundrum? Government by party is the only method of government which as yet has been found to be practically consistent with the maintenance of free institutions; but you stand alone with the President so far in the contention that the party which can best be trusted with power is "a surprise party."

Of course I know that your appointments have not all been made at haphazard. I do not wonder that your colleagues were struck with dumb amazement when you quietly announced to them in a room at the White House on the morning of Sunday, the 15th of March, that the question of the English mission had

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been settled the day before between yourself and the President by the selection for that conspicuous post of an able lawyer from the Republican State of Vermont, whose name had never till that moment been so much as mentioned in connection with the appointment to one of them. How could they have divined the processes by which your mind was mysteriously working back from the State Department in 1885 to the Custom House Investigations at New York, and the case of Phelps, Dodge & Co., in 1872? No one supposes that Mr. Phelps took any steps to promote this operation of your mind; but on the other hand it is quite clear that you can claim no credit for the satisfactory results of a nomination thus engendered; nor can you justly quarrel with the critics who have found an explanation of it in that bitter and persistent personal dislike to Ex-President Arthur, which led you to scandalize a company of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the residence of Senator Pendleton to bid farewell to the Ex-President and to his sister, by flinging violently out of the house as soon as you learned of the presence there of the late Chief Magistrate of the Union.

It is really no one's fault but your own that personal considerations of this unfortunate kind have been imported into the discussion of almost every appointment of importance to which you have been a party.

Consider the case of Mr. Keiley, over which such a ludicrous pother has been raised by you in the President's first Message to Congress. What is more certain than that you selected Mr. Keiley for a foreign appointment, not because he was "an estimable citizen of unimpeached probity and competence," as you solemnly aver in the Message, but because you had reason to suppose that the patronage bestowed on him would strengthen the canvass then making in Virginia by a most respectable and excellent Democrat of that State, your especial friend Mr. Barbour, for that seat in the United States Senate which has just been given by the Democrats of the Legislature to an equally respectable and excellent Democrat who does not happen to be your especial friend, Mr. Daniel? This is the simple truth, as you know. Why deform it with a nodding cap and jingling bells? Why make yourself out above all to be phenomenally ignorant of the rudiments of diplomatic common sense by pretending that Mr. Keiley was nominated because he was a Catholic to gratify the Catholic world with the spectacle of a

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conscientious Catholic honestly convinced that the King of Italy is an usurper, yet paying deferential homage to that usurper as an accredited minister near the usurper's court? That Mr. Keiley is indeed "an estimable citizen of unimpeached probity and competence" abundantly appears from his bearing amid all the vexatious circumstances into the bubbling vortex of which your heedless nomination so inconsiderately threw him. But the country is full "of estimable citizens of unimpeached probity and competence." Why then make yourself and the government a laughing-stock by pretending that it was by reason of his probity and competence, and not by reason of his political relations with your own political friends, that you first nominated him for a mission which he could not have discharged without practical disloyalty to the head of his Church; and then nominated him for another mission near a court which could hardly have been expected by any well-informed manager of the foreign affairs of the United States to expose itself without a protest to the annoyance of receiving an envoy already rejected by a neighboring power? How can you expect grown men to believe that the government of Austria rejected Mr. Keiley because the Court of Vienna wished to "put a limitation upon the right of selection by the Executive, of the servants of the United States?" Why should Austria or any other power wish to do this? Did you not cover the whole ground as a matter of common sense, when, writing on the 31st of August last to the American Secretary at Vienna, you said that "this government concedes as freely as it exercises the right to refuse to receive an envoy?" Why make a political mountain out of a very small diplomatic mole-hill? Believe me, my dear Secretary, the American eagle is now a full-fledged bird, no longer to be taken with chaff—and, if I may be pardoned for mixing metaphors, no longer to be vexed into a world-shaking scream of wrath by the casual brushing from his imperial wing of a chip scarcely solid enough to supply the raw material of one of those Delaware matches which, thanks to your zealous treatment of the tariff as a "local question," are now protected against the dangerous competition of Austria, Norway and John Bull, at the expense of every laboring man and woman in the land!

Trust me, this veneering of fine words will not long deceive any one who takes the trouble to test your work with his thumb-nail. Was it because he was "an estimable citizen of unimpeached

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probity and competence," that you asked ex-Governor Porter, of Tennessee, to step from a railway office into the Department of State—or was it because you wished at one and the same time to oblige Senator Jackson of that State with whom you delight to exchange talk of horses under the umbrageous boughs of the grand old beeches in his pleasant Western home, and to disoblige Senator Harris, to whom Vice-President Arthur four years ago sought to "limit the right of selection" of the Democratic Senators in order to keep you out of the chair of that august body?

But these, as I have said, are minor matters. It is by your treatment of graver and more troublesome issues that you have made your continued tenure of the State Department inconsistent with any hope of future usefulness in you to your party, your country, or yourself.

You came into the Department, denounced by a journal usually most devoted to your interests, the New York "Herald," as having upheld the "side of England, clearly in the wrong against America, clearly in the right" on the question of the binding force upon the United States of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention of 1850. Your efforts to prevent the ratification of a treaty with Nicaragua for the construction of a ship canal were calculated, in the opinion of the "Herald," to send the President and the Democratic party out of power after four years, "with ruined reputation and lost prestige."

Undoubtedly you were right to oppose the ratification of that treaty, for it was open to serious and fatal objections. But were you right to uphold the binding force of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, a treaty violated by Great Britain almost as soon as it was made? Were you right to assume, as you did in your speech on the subject, that the intent of Sir Henry Bulwer in negotiating that treaty in 1850, was to "crown the edifice" of American independence and complete the work begun thirty years before by George Canning, Monroe, Rush and John Quincy Adams!

Certainly not, and it is impossible that any Senator who listened to that speech can think without anxiety of your possible conduct in dealing with any one of a hundred dangerous questions likely at any moment to arise out of the existing situation of affairs on the great American Isthmus?

And what shall I say of the indictment (there is no other word for it) which has just been brought against you by one of the

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ablest and staunchest Democratic leaders in New England, in connection with that grave international question of the North American fisheries which was so mischievously dropped out of sight with the connivance of your grandfather, Mr. James A. Bayard, at the time of the negotiations of the treaty of Ghent in 1815 ?

It appears from this indictment that on the 7th of March last, before you had so much as set your new official house in order, you permitted the British minister at Washington, Mr. West, acting in concert with the very able and astute and anti-American Premier of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, to lead you into committing the Administration to the practical stultification of a joint resolution of the American Congress adopted March 3, 1883, the express object of which was to secure the abrogation of the fishing clauses of the Treaty of Washington and the restoration to our New England States and people of rights fully conceded to them by George III. at the peace of Versailles and suspended by the war of 1812. What Democrat needs to be told that no man in this country can speak with more authority on this subject than Mr. Spofford of Newburyport ? And it is Mr. Spofford who assumes the responsibility of the assertion that

"the course upon which Secretary Bayard has entered, is precisely that which being desired by Great Britain was not desired by the fishing interest or by the fishermen themselves, and that unless it can be forestalled and reversed, it will lead to the destruction of our fisheries as one of our productive industries."

Do you imagine that such an indictment as this will be suffered, by your enemies and by the enemies of your party, to go untried ?

Nor is this the worst.

Mr. Spofford, a Democrat trained in the soundest principles of the Democratic faith, and tried by years of battle in a State only less hopelessly Republican than the State of Mr. Phelps, goes further far than this. He calmly and deliberately charges you not with infidelity alone to a great American interest, but with the un-Democratic crime of "undertaking to exercise powers with which" you are not officially clothed, and he denounces your understanding with the British authorities as "an instance of usurpation in office demanding, I had almost said, the penalty of impeachment."

This is no child's play, believe me, my dear Secretary !

Questions of your private relations with the patronage of the

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Executive, questions even of tact and taste in your treatment of foreign governments, dwindle away before the formidable accusation that you have ventured to make "an agreement with Great Britain wherein, without the slightest warrant of law, without the participation of the Senate, although that body was yet in session pending the negotiation, you have offended the sovereignty of the United States by attempting to deed away their maritime rights, or to guarantee immunity for their violation!"

Truly does Mr. Spofford say that "for offenses much less grievous against the majesty of the State there are not wanting precedents for impeachment in the parliamentary journals both of Great Britain and the United States."

With these words ringing in my ears, I almost begin to feel that I have deferred too long this warning cry! Can you retire from office in the face of such an indictment? Can you remain in office under the gathering cloud of such distrust and such denunciations? And whether you retire, or whether you remain, is it still possible that Delaware, relieved though she be of the imputations put upon her of subservient acquiescence in the condition of a family pocket borough of the Bayards, may and will afford you once again an opportunity to redeem, by quiet and modest fidelity to the duties of a Senator, the reputation and the influence which you have so swiftly squandered upon the futilities of patronage and the illusions of office, as a Secretary of State?

ARTHUR RICHMOND.

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# AT LAST!

In the twelfth century England invaded Ireland (a happy and prosperous country, under King Brian, in 1020), overpowered her with numbers, garrisoned her strong places with soldiers, killed her leading men that she failed to corrupt, disarranged all native growth and plans of development, and sat down in the Irishman's house as its lord and master, by the right of the heavier weapon.

The Irish struggled for a hundred years; and the foreign oppressor increased the bands and decreased the methods and order and civilization among the people.

England had realized that Ireland was a very rich country; blessed by nature with enormous material resources, and inhabited by a people of great intelligence, courage and enterprise, capable of becoming strong competitors in the world's race. Another hundred years of desperate struggle, the Irishman vainly trying to get the Englishman's hand off his throat. The Englishman now abolished Irish law (the ancient and revered Brehan Code), and established courts of English law. He also began the system of incorporating English cities, companies, and corporate bodies in Ireland, to which all power was given over the native people.

The Scottish nation was at war with England also, and this prevented or delayed the absolute destruction of Ireland. Five hundred years ago, Edward Bruce (brother of Robert), went to Ireland, was crowned king, and with the united forces of the native princes, defeated the English for a time.

But the Englishman returned and the fearful struggle began again, the Irish now knowing that their fight was one of life or death, liberty or slavery.

Four hundred years ago, the weaker country was prostrate once more; helpless, gagged, manacled. Then England abolished even her own first system of ruling the country by English corpora-

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tions, judges, and law matters settled in Ireland. It was ordered henceforth that all Irish law must be made in England (Poyning's Act), and no Irishman, high or low, was to hold office or power or to have any rights whatever—even the right to live. It was no crime for an Englishman to kill an Irishman who dared to appear without an English dress or the protection of an English resident. It was also enacted that Irishmen should not learn to read. A reward was offered for the arrest of schoolmasters and priests. All schools and Catholic churches were thrown down: their ruins are found, like skeletons, throughout Ireland to-day.

England had resolved to make the Irish forget that they were Irish, trusting that when this had been achieved she could teach them that they were in truth not Irish, but West Britons, and had never had national freedom, or traditions, or glory, or great men, or wise laws, or famous schools, or a high civilization and the honor of other nations; but had always been a poor, broken, restless, miserable, quarrelsome people, dreaming about ancient greatness that was all a lie, and about future freedom and honor that were all a delusion; and that God and nature had made them, past and future, subjects to the wise, good, unselfish, gentle English nation, that went about the world helping weak countries to be free and civilized and Christian!

Three hundred years ago, when Henry VIII. became a Protestant, he resolved that the Irish should be Protestant, too; and for the next hundred years the reforming process never rested—the chief means being the bullet, the rope, and the slave-ship.

A gentleman from Jamaica told me last year, as a curious fact, that the negroes in that country used a great many Gaelic words. No wonder: about sixty thousand Irish boys and girls were sold to the tobacco planters of the West Indies, 300 years ago, as Sir William Petty and other English historians of the time relate.

Two hundred years ago—and still the deathless fight, the Irish growing weaker, the English stronger. It had now become "the religious duty" of the Englishman to subdue the Irish "for their own sakes." Cromwell went over, and slaughtered every man in the first garrisoned town he captured, Drogheda. "By God's grace," he wrote to the Parliament, "I believe that not one escaped," and he added that when the officers capitulated and surrendered: "They were knocked on the head, too."

Cromwell "made peace and silence" in Ireland; his troopers

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ruled the whole country for the first time. Then came an unexampled atrocity in the name of "civilization;" four-fifths of the entire island, every acre held by the native Irish, who were Catholics, was confiscated and handed over to Cromwell's disbanded army.

This was the beginning of the Irish Land Question, that Michael Davitt has been hammering at for years, and which he is going to see settled.

A hundred years ago, Ireland was in the most deplorable condition that any civilized nation ever descended to. Six centuries of a violent struggle had wasted her blood, money, and resources; her people were disfranchised—no man voted in Ireland except those of the English colony. For a hundred preceding years the teacher and priest had been hunted felons. There were only four million Irish altogether, and they were nearly all in Ireland, friendless, voiceless, voteless, landless, powerless, disarmed, disorganized, ignorant, forgotten by the world, misreported and misrepresented by their rich and powerful enemy, and held up in English books, newspapers, schools, at home and abroad, as a race of wild, weak, witty, brave, quarrelsome, purposeless incapables.

But in his mud and blood and rags and wretchedness, the Irishman was still unsubdued, still a free man in soul and a foeman in act. The Irishman then was, as he still is, the most intense nationalist in the world.

Grattan abolished the Poyning's Law; and the Irish Parliament from 1785 to 1800 made the laws for Ireland. In that time, the country advanced like a released giant. Lord Clare said in 1798: "No country in the world has advanced like Ireland, in trade, manufacture, and agriculture, since 1782."

Then England began to fear the Irish revival, and the demands of the English mercantile, manufacturing and shipping classes were marvels of cowardly and jealous feeling. (See Lecky, "Public Life in England in the Eighteenth Century.") They demanded that Ireland be destroyed as a competing power. "Make the Irish remember that they are conquered," were the words of one petition to the English Parliament.

The rebellion of '98 was fomented by the English Government, and a fearful slaughter of 50,000 Irishmen ensued. This was the pretext wanted: The English colony in Ireland were instructed to raise the cry of "Our lives and religion in danger!" A majority of the Anglicans who composed the "Irish Parliament" were

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bought off by Castlereagh, who paid them, as the Irish Red and Black lists show, nearly three million pounds for their votes: and so the union with England was carried.

Three years later, another rebellion broke out, organized and led by a Protestant gentleman, Robert Emmet, who was "hanged, drawn, and quartered," and the dogs of Dublin lapped his blood, as an eye-witness relates, from the gallows-foot in Thomas Street.

Then the pall was pulled over the face of Ireland, and she lay down in the ashes and abasement of her loneliness and misery. She had no earthly friends; she was weak to death from struggle, outrage and despair. Even God had apparently forgotten her in the night.

But a new voice called to her in the night, and she listened—Daniel O'Connell, a strong man, full of courage and purpose. After thirty years of agitation he won, with his minority. He had trained them superlatively. He won the franchise for the Catholics.

For eighteen years more he worked to get the Act of Union repealed; but England, when he touched that point, arrested and imprisoned him. This stopped the agitation. The people had no leader and no outside moral support. It was O'Connell and the Irish people; not the Irish people and O'Connell.

The Young Ireland party in 1848, impatient, maddened, broke into premature rebellion—were crushed, condemned, banished.

Then the famine, and the swelling of the Irish emigration stream into a torrent! Thousands died on the soil, and literally millions fled to other countries—to England, Scotland, America, Canada, Australia, South Africa, the Argentine Republic.

Twenty years later, 1865–67, the first warning movement of the exiles—Fenianism; a marvelous crystallization of sentiment, heroism, and sacrifice.

Again, the abrogation of law in Ireland—the rule of the dragoon, the glutted prison, the crowded emigrant fleets, the chained men on convict ships; and again, "silence and peace in Ireland."

England had now realized the important fact that the commercial development of the Western World had placed Ireland in an objective position of the highest value. She lay in the high stream of progress. Her western and southern shores were indented with deep and safe bays and harbors. A ship-canal from Galway to Dublin would capture every ship on the Atlantic bound for

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Liverpool, saving two days in sailing time; and the Irish were bent on cutting such a canal. The great fall of the Irish rivers was an inestimable treasure, greater even than the mineral wealth of the island, and the fisheries on the coast.

Every ship going through an Irish canal was in danger of forgetting the southern English ports, Bristol and Southampton. Every mill built on an Irish stream would deduct from the profits of Lancashire. Every ton of coal or other mineral dug in Ireland lowered the prices in Nottingham, Sheffield, and the Black Country. If the Irish farmers' children could get work in mills and mines and shops, their earnings would make their parents independent of the landlords, and rents would have to be lowered.

It was clear that Ireland's advance must be stopped, or she would become a dangerous competitor and a democratic example for Great Britain.

While the Fenians lay in prison—from 1866 to 1874—and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the stipendiary magistrates had the power of Persian satraps, Ireland lay still and gnawed her heart in the waiting.

Feeble voices of timid Home Rulers were raised in Westminster, and Whig landlords patronized Ireland with a mock patriotism.

Then the moral pressure of the world, and especially of America, compelled England to open the prison doors for the political convicts, and there came out to the world some scores of men whose patriotism had been condensed and crystallized into terrible purpose; and many of them had become powerful leaders by reflection and self-mastership.

Michael Davitt, John O'Leary, John Devoy, O'Donovan Rossa, Charles Kickham, Thomas Clarke Luby, and a host of others, were sown like seed among the fertile Irish and Irish-American millions; and their impressive story and uncompromising principles took root and flourished in a new crop of Irish unrest.

The tendency was toward another attempt at violent revolution; but England, though alarmed, was secure in the knowledge that an appeal to arms by the disorganized, scattered, disarmed Irish, could be crushed as all similar attempts had been crushed.

Then, fresh from Oxford, with his cold English training, his Yankee blood and Irish patriotic traditionary feeling, came Parnell with a new message and a new method.

No need to follow his steps. From the moment that he first

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laid his hand on the Irish key-board the race listened to him. He has done what O'Connell failed to do, enlisted all creeds and classes—landlords, professional men, tradesmen, peasants. He has made the larger Ireland in exile one body with the five millions at home. The radicals have joined his forces, believing in the man. The bishops and priests are his warmest supporters. A Protestant, a landlord, an aristocrat, and a Home Ruler, he has the support and friendship of Archbishops Walsh and Croke, Michael Davitt, the Fenians, the farmers, the laborers, the mechanics.

He has drawn together the forty millions of people who respond to the Irish barometer, in all lands, and made them into one marvelous, moral, organized nationality, supporting Ireland with public opinion, agitation, and money.

The thirty millions of Englishmen are confronted with this extraordinary, cloud-like, but absolutely real and potential Irish force; and as yet they do not know quite what it means.

The late elections have opened the eyes of the world to the fact that Ireland is overwhelmingly "National." Eighty-six out of one hundred and three Irish members stand behind Mr. Parnell in Parliament, pledged to vote as he leads, utterly irrespective of British interests or desires.

Liberal and Tory in England may join to defeat the Irish strength; but it will be only for a year or two. It is clear now that another Cromwell must sweep Ireland with fire and sword, or that England must grant her constitutional demand for Home Government.

The abominable selfishness which would destroy Ireland for England's sake, if now allowed to operate in another conquest and disfranchisement, would assuredly destroy England—and England is learning the great lesson.

Ireland is saved by the twenty million Irish-blooded Americans; by the five million Irish and their descendants in England, Scotland, and Wales; by the vast numbers of Irish sympathizers in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and other countries. It would be highly dangerous to slaughter the kindred of such a people.

It is not likely that Ireland will gain much from the coming Parliament. The Parliament cannot last long; it is too evenly balanced. Besides, England has not yet realized that Home Rule for Ireland is inevitable. It will take three years to vaccinate her with the idea and allow it to "take."

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The second leader of the English Liberals, during the recent elections, several times repeated this assertion, that the Irish elections were not truly the expression of the country—that Mr. Parnell was "grinding" and "oppressing" the Irish people! A glance at the returns—at the ten and twelve to one in scores of cities, towns and counties, makes such a charge ridiculous. But it indicates the perverse ignorance or the audacious dishonesty of even leading Englishmen.

In returning eighty-six Nationalist members to Parliament, the Irish have not ended, but just begun their national struggle.

There are three stages in pacific reform: agitation, controversy, and legislation. The Irish have passed through the first, and are entering the second.

Parnell, with fifteen or twenty votes, was not a power; he was only a voice, an emphasis, an appeal. He was an agitational influence. With eighty-six votes he is a controversial force. "He has compelled John Bull to listen," as Wendell Phillips said of him.

In 1889, I predict, the legislative stage of the Irish question will have arrived; and the Union with England, which shall then have cursed Ireland for nine-tenths of a century, will be repealed.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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# SHERMAN ON GRANT.

A CONTROVERSY as to the opinions entertained by General Sherman of the military capacity and true merit of General Grant has been provoked in some quarters by the following passage in an interesting paper contributed to the December number of this REVIEW by General James B. Fry:

"The time has not come for final judgment of Grant. He had great abilities and great opportunities. Chance is undoubtedly an important factor in the race of glory, and perhaps it favored Grant in the war of rebellion. General Sherman goes so far as to have said since Grant's death, that, 'had C. F. Smith lived, Grant would have disappeared to history after Donelson;' but that is conjecture. Grant is one of the 'singular few' who possessed qualities which probably would have gained for him a high place in history, no matter who had lived to compete with him in our great war."

The fame of General Grant now belongs to history and to his country, and it is not surprising that intelligent and patriotic men should be keenly alive to any such indications of the esteem in which he was really held by his colleagues, if we may not say his compeers, in the great work of maintaining the Union, as may conduce to a final and accurate judgment of him. The words attributed, therefore, to General Sherman by General Fry, in the above citation, could not fail to excite attention and comment. They have given rise to a correspondence which makes it proper and necessary, that I should put a stop to any future misinterpretation of their scope and force, by publishing, at the instance of General Sherman, a portion of a most striking, informal, and therefore especially valuable letter addressed to me many months ago.

This letter was written in reply to one addressed by me to General Sherman, under the strain of the great anxiety and distress which possessed the public mind when the painful truth first

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became known, early in March last, that Death had marked for his own the hero of Appomattox.

It was not then known to be certain that General Grant had completed, or thought in general to be probable that he would live to complete, that priceless record of his military services which Providence permitted him, as we now know, to bring to a full and rounded close. It seemed to me that no better public service could be done in that moment of the nation's startled sorrow than to urge upon the most illustrious of the fellow-soldiers of Grant the importance of setting his own authentic seal upon the imminent verdict of the nation's admiration and gratitude.

After acknowledging in his own forcible way the obvious propriety of the suggestion, General Sherman, on the 13th of March last, wrote as follows :

"General Grant will die, so shall you and I, and, indeed, all. But he is not yet dead, and we know that he has prepared for publication much which will enter into the final estimate of his character and genius. I saw him familiarly in December last, and know that his memory of the past was clear, and that he had progressed in his memoirs to a period in 1863, by which date he had manifested the qualities in him which needed only perserverance to insure what we all sought and fought for—the Union and Constitution of our fathers. He has written to me since, and though I, in common with the whole world, am troubled at the dread word 'Cancer,' I believe he will substantially conclude his work, and leave, like Napoleon at St. Helena, his memoirs as the best possible evidence of his thoughts and acts to the time when Appomattox sealed the destiny of this nation up to the next epoch, hidden as yet from mortal eyes.

"I went to West Point in 1836, and was therefore a First Classman when Grant came there a 'Plebe' in 1839, and a more unpromising boy never entered the Military Academy. I remember perfectly when the names of the new cadets were posted for our information, among them U. S. Grant, United States Grant, Uncle Sam Grant, and he is known to day in the old army as '*Sam* Grant,' whereas, in fact, his baptismal name is Hiram Ulysses Grant. By a mistake of the Congressman who nominated him (General Hamer) his name was given as U. S. Grant. He tried to correct the mistake but failed, and though his parents named him Hiram Ulysses Grant, he must pass down to history as U. S. Grant.

"These are truths well known to his comrades, but may not be to you. His service with the army in Mexico was honorable and creditable, and in due time his regiment, 4th U. S. Infantry, carried him to Oregon.

"Then he resigned to try to take care of his family here at St. Louis. He labored hard, but could not earn by patient and honest labor the means, and went to Galena, Ill., as an employee of his brother, engaged in the business of

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making harness and leather. There he was in 1861 when the civil war broke out. He had no more agency in causing that civil war than you or I had, but Providence had so fashioned events that he was the man fitted for the occasion. Webster, Clay, Douglas, and Lincoln had never heard of him, yet from almost absolute obscurity he entered upon the arena of public events, and you and I know substantially the result.

"My relations to him were peculiar. I think I know some things that no others do, but I will not name them for millions of dollars, and I will not anticipate his death. Should I survive him, I will always bear testimony to his good qualities, and be charitable to those which were the result of outside influence."

From this letter, written months before the death of General Grant, it is surely quite clear that nothing said of him, or of the circumstances of his career by General Sherman since his death, can be rightfully interpreted to mean that in the opinion of General Sherman this great soldier, "the man fitted for the occasion," would have disappeared from our history after Donelson, "had C. F. Smith lived," through any lack in himself of the great qualities demanded to "maintain the Constitution and the Union."

How hard the task of the generals of the Union in the field was too often made by political intrigues in Congress, and political pressure upon the Cabinet at Washington no one knows better than General Sherman. Nor can General Fry be ignorant of the circumstances, wholly foreign to the military ability and the military conduct of every eminent soldier, almost without exception, through which, at one or another epoch of the great civil war, the mischievous intrusion of personal and political jealousies "might" have intercepted the march to victory, not of General Grant only, but of any one of the chieftains whom the whole people now delight to honor.

It was doubtless of one among the many public disasters which "might" thus have been caused, and not of any possible eclipse of a renown ordained by the Providence which, to use his own strong language, "fashioned events," that General Sherman must have been thinking if words at all resembling those cited by General Fry, were used by him either "before" or "after" the death of General Grant. It is proper to add that General Sherman has called on General Fry for his authority, and upon me to say that he repudiates the sentiment attributed to him.

THE EDITOR.



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# NOTES AND COMMENTS.

## I.

THE "Chapter on Monetary Policy," by S. Dana Horton, reminds me of a little story. Once upon a time the baby, the only son and heir, was sick. The mother sent for some rhubarb and magnesia. The father, excited and alarmed, sent for all the doctors in the neighborhood, and as they, one after another, arrived, he insisted that all should join in consultation. The doctors entered into a long and excited debate about the nature and treatment of the case, which was continued without agreement until the mother came in and announced that the rhubarb and magnesia had taken effect, and that the child was better.

In the "situation," as revealed to Mr. Horton, he sees a "vicious circle—the nations watching each other, sensitive and expectant, all waiting for the United States to act." And we see the United States waiting for its doctors—its financial experts and professionals—to agree upon a course of action. To me it appears that many experts and professionals, who have hitherto taken part in the debate, have either an axe to grind or a hobby to ride, and that we should not expect them to agree upon a monetary policy that will give the practical results which the people have a right to demand. Individually, I favor a much more radical "monetary policy" than popular prejudices will permit the discussion of at present. But it appears to me certain that the "rhubarb and magnesia" for the settlement of the silver question is to be found in the Warner Bill—in the suggestion of issuing silver certificates at the gold price of silver in the market. The Warner Bill has been understood and appreciated by very few, because the unjust and superficial criticisms it has encountered have been given wide circulation, while the advocates of that bill have not been accorded a hearing. The bill is defective, because it does not in itself give a clear and positive assurance that the silver will be received at its market value. If, instead of the gold and silver certificates of the Warner plan, bullion certificates were to be issued, the same for silver as for gold, and the Secretary of the Treasury were to vary the treasury price of silver from time to time, as required to keep a nearly equal or fixed proportion of the two metals in the Treasury, a perfect national and international settlement of the silver question would thereby be reached, and the experts and professionals would then be as badly chagrined as were the doctors by that motherly dose of rhubarb and magnesia.

DAVID REEVES SMITH.

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## II.

I HAVE read with some attention the account given by Mr. Israel Green, former lieutenant of marine under the command of Robert E. Lee (then a colonel in the United States service), of his unsuccessful attempt to kill John Brown in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, October 18, 1859. Finding some errors and omissions therein, I will call his attention, and that of your readers to them. In the first place, he misdates his exploit. Colonel Lee's report, which is the best authority, states that he reached Harper's Ferry on the night of October 17—that is to say, fourteen hours *before* the time when Mr. Green represents himself at the Washington navy-yard, as first hearing of the foray of Brown. This is not very important, but accuracy in such matters only requires an old almanac, not a new memory. Mr. Green's new memory, six-and-twenty years after the event, has lost some details which his old memory retained, though rather unwillingly, it would seem. When he was questioned in court at Charlestown in November, 1859, under oath, by the late George Sennott, of Boston, the following answers were given :

"*Mr. Sennott.* You say that when Brown was down you struck him in the face with your saber ?

*Lieutenant Green.* Yes.

*Q.* This was after he was down ?

*A.* Yes ; he was down.

*Q.* How many times, Lieutenant Green, did you strike Brown in the face with your saber, after he was down ?

*A.* Why, sir, *he was defending himself with his gun.*

*Andrew Hunter. I hope the counsel for the defense will not press such questions as these.*

Doubtless these were inconvenient questions, and Mr. Green does not suggest them at all in his paper. He even says, speaking of Brown's condition the next day, (when Lieutenant Green took him to Charlestown, to have the killing completed, which his repeated blows could not effect): "He had recovered a great deal from the effects of *the blow* from my saber, the injury from which was *principally the shock*, as he only received a flesh-wound." Mr. Green had already said : "I brought my saber down with all my strength *upon his head.* . . . He received a deep saber-cut *in the back of his neck*, fell senseless on his side, then rolled over on his back. *Instinctively*, as Brown fell, I gave him a saber-thrust *in the left breast.*" Here, then, were three distinct blows, all taking effect in different places, according to Mr. Green.

Now, what do other witnesses, quite as impartial as Mr. Green, say? Mr. Daingerfield, a Virginian, one of Brown's prisoners, who stood within two feet of Brown, and saw the whole affair, says, that Lieutenant Green first gave "an under-thrust of his sword, striking Brown about midway the body, and raising him completely from the ground. Brown *fell forward*, with his head between his knees, while Green struck him *several times* over the head, and, as I supposed, split his skull at every stroke. The reason that Brown was not killed *when struck on the head was, that Green was holding his sword in the* middle, *striking with the hilt*, and making *only scalp wounds.*"

Another eye witness, a Kentuckian, Benjamin Mills, who was made master-

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armorer at Harper's Ferry, by Floyd, the Virginian Secretary of War, in 1858, thus described, in 1881, Mr. Green's exploit: "Brown stood erect, like a pillar, not a muscle moving. Green made a lunge at Brown, knocking him forward on the face, on the floor of brick. Leaning over the hose-cart, Green *chopped Brown twice on the head.* The thick otter-skin cap saved Brown's life, but he was left senseless. *Green thought he had killed him,* and I also thought the first lunge had gone through Brown's body, but it only struck him on the hip-bone, knocking him down."

Brown's own account of the affair, as taken down by the reporter of the New York "Herald," the next day (October 19), was as follows: "These wounds were inflicted on me—both saber-cuts on my head and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body—*some minutes after I had ceased fighting and had consented to surrender,* for the benefit of others, not for my own. I believe the Major" (meaning Green) "would not have been alive—I could have killed him just as easy as a mosquito when he came in—but I supposed he only came in to receive our surrender. I do not think the Major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered."

Apparently Mr. Green does not wish to be thought guilty of meaning "to butcher us after we had surrendered," and I am willing he should have the benefit of such reasonable doubt as there may be in the matter. But his new account of it—made after so many years, and in contradiction of living witnesses—while he cites only one witness, a dead man, Colonel Washington, in support of his version—does not impress me as very credible. I have printed in the "Life and Letters of John Brown" (Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1885), the vivid account of Mr. Daingerfield, which was first sent by me to "The Century," where it was published in June last. The account of Ben. Mills was first printed in the Louisville Courier-Journal in the summer of 1881. I believe both Kentuckians and Virginians have a prejudice against striking a man after he is down; and both Mills and Daingerfield seem to have remembered the incident better on that account. I hope Mr. Green shares the same feeling in cases where his own action is not involved; and I believe he is not exactly proud of his conduct on this occasion. It was quite in keeping, I admit, with the general use then made of United States troops to protect slavery; and even with Colonel Lee's instructions to Lieutenant Green that morning, Lee says in his report: "The men were instructed (before the assault) how to distinguish our citizens from the insurgents; *to attack with the bayonet,* and not to injure *the blacks detained in custody,* UNLESS THEY RESISTED." The sacred property of slave-holders must not be spoiled by a stab, but, for all that appears, every white man might have been put to the sword, as Brown was by Green. Fortunately for mankind, Green's sword was not so savage as his mind, and the old hero was spared to tell Lee and all Virginia what Jefferson had told them in 1785, that the day of emancipation was at hand, and that "the Almighty has no attributes which can take sides with Virginia in such a contest." They would not listen to Jefferson and the prophets; they resolved to fight against the army of the Lord; and their madness made John Brown the one irresistible soldier in that army. Which side Mr. Green took in the contest I have not learned.

F. B. SANBORN.

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III.

PETERSBURG was taken in April, 1865, after a siege of eight months. Just before dusk of June 15, 1864, Hancock's Corps (the 2d), relieving Smith's and Weitzel's troops, who had, during the afternoon, been engaged with a small force of Confederates, moved into the unoccupied Confederate earthwork defenses that covered Petersburg from the direction of City Point—elaborate works of heavy profile, constructed, a good while before, under the plans of the Confederate engineers. Between these works, in the neighborhood of the Appomattox River and Petersburg, about a mile farther on, not a Confederate soldier was to be seen, nor was there a sign that there was a force in the town sufficient to make even a pretense of defending the place against such a body of Union troops as were standing under arms near Fort Beauregard—thirty thousand or more, perhaps.

The writer, then a lieutenant of infantry, was sent forward, as officer in command of the picket line of his regiment, and formed his pickets, according to instructions, along the hither bank of a little creek that was fordable at all points. He and his men, and, if he does not mistake, the entire 2d Corps at least, were most of the night in momentary expectation of an order to advance and occupy Petersburg. The order did not come. But, before dawn, the sound of locomotive whistles up the river near Petersburg began and continued in an almost incessant shriek until daylight, telling us that the opportunity had passed. For Lee, having now divined the intention of our army, was sending his troops from Richmond to Petersburg as fast as the trains could carry them. At daylight (the 16th) the cornfield stretching away from the creek toward Petersburg was as full of men in gray as a meadow of a sunny day is of grasshoppers. *Then* we advanced, at eight o'clock, and were repulsed. A Georgian, just after being taken prisoner in this advance, told the writer that, until near dawn, the only Confederate troops in or about Petersburg was "Wise's Legion," a sort of home-guard organization, numbering about fifteen hundred. The question naturally arises, Why did not the Union troops occupy Petersburg some time before midnight of June 15, 1864? Had some one blundered?

T. F. GALWEY.

IV.

THE disparity of conditions in society is rapidly widening by the accumulation of large personal fortunes. That a comparatively few individuals are garnering into their coffers the wealth of the world, and the custody of the land, is painfully apparent.

It cannot be urged that such persons have other than legal claims to their enormous possessions, certainly not equitable rights, because the wealth has been accumulated by the toil of the millions, and the land is common heritage. It would be wise, therefore, for the governing classes in society to reason together as to the best and most equable mode of readjusting this disparity, before the chasm widens into anarchy, or dangerous revolution precedes justice. Certain it is that in a republic the great middle class will not go down to poverty or servitude without a struggle, or accept the conditions of poverty

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without resistance. The breach is rapidly widening between them. The manual-labor branch of the industrial classes of the republic have been beaten into submission to the inevitable, for the hour only, because capital, with a bank account to draw upon at will, can endure longer than labor upon an empty stomach, while the great middle class are being steadily pushed out of their sphere, the farmer from his mortgaged home, and the mechanic and trader from their occupation and business by this tyrant of centuries, human or inhuman—selfishness enshrined in the unlimited acquisition of wealth.

But there is a way out, a way to readjust the scales, and harmonize conditions between labor and capital with a measure of justice and equity to both, without altering the relation of employer and employed, or precipitating a revolution that would either end in a stronger government or a chaotic democracy, without the training, experience, stability, virtue, or conscience to form an enduring reformation.

This way out would be through *a beneficent law of limitation*, a legislative enactment, requiring no constitutional changes, but simply an amendment to the tax-laws of any State, making a scale of *graduated taxation* upon accumulated and accumulating fortunes, commencing to tax personal fortunes of over $2,000 the half of one per cent., increasing the scale equably to two per cent. upon fortunes aggregating $300,000, making that sum the limit of a fortune, and commencing by largely increasing the graduated scale, to tax into the treasury of the State the excess over that amount, thus leaving the individual free to acquire wealth in the ordinary channels, and limiting only when he commences unduly to hoard and oppress. Such a law would be well received by the American people, because of its manifest justice, because it does not seek to disrupt or change the groundwork of society or social life, and specially, because it sets bounds to avarice.

When we commence to limit man's avarice, which becomes an insanity, it will bring out the kindlier side of his nature expressed in good deeds toward others, because the liberal limit reached will enable him thereafter to work for others less fortunate than himself, where now with avarice unlimited he often becomes an oppressor.

The wealth of the world in production—past labor and land—will be abundant and ample for all who dwell upon the planet, when we shall have learned to equitably redistribute property through the beneficent law of limitation.

JOHN H. KEYSER.

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